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# The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME IX — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1932 — NUMBER 18

LOUISBURG SQUARE, BOSTON, BY T. W. NASON
From Contemporary American Prints (American Art Dealers' Association).

## Proletariat Literature

IN spite of the contempt among esoteric circles for such a prosaic matter this *Review* still obstinately believes that not half enough has been said for the reader, in the endless discussion of what makes good literature. For here we are, already sliding into a change in the conditions of civilized living (the reference is not to the election) greater in some respects than anything that has happened since the ice withdrew from the temperate zone. Either we are headed for a crash in all social values and a return to barbarism, in which case the most useful job for literary critics would be to stop their talking and prepare vellum copies of what they believe masterpieces to be buried where a returning civilization may have some chance of finding them (for why risk again the loss of a classic culture). Or we are not. In which alternative the fact of high importance is that an immense increase in leisure, resulting from a further and drastic reduction in hours of necessary labor, seems to be inevitable.

And if this is a probability inherent in change, then a resultant shift in the social utility of literature is quite sure to follow. In the past, near and distant, books and magazines have been roughly classifiable as to their social uses into two major and often overlapping divisions. While they have been, books especially, the pursuit and main business of scholars and the bookish, for general man they have been implements of leisure, confined to the leisure hour. And in this leisure they have provided either information, ideas, and the delight of a stirred imagination, or merely a surcease from toil through relaxation and awakened fancy. That is, they have given stimulus to the active intellect, but to the weary, escape.

But if leisure is to increase and toil decrease for the vast majority of civilized mankind, several interesting results will follow. The mind sodden by too many hours of routine work will become as rare among the masses that perform machine labor in factories or offices as it now is common. Nor will routine labor with a machine lathe or a typewriter, in (let us say) a short-hour, five-day week, produce that nervous exhaustion and mental lassitude which leads the business executive, or state official, or lawyer, to the detective story and the pre-digested hash of the labor saving magazine.

What it will produce it is not impossible now to say, but impossible to analyze in a brief essay. This much, however, may be suggested, that we shall soon be urgently in need of what might be called a literature for the proletariat. If the reply is that such a literature already exists in the pulp magazines and tabloid newspapers, the obvious answer is that if upon such texts we are to educate these new masters of leisure it would be better for the machine age to crash quickly and escape the agony of a long decline into barbarism. But only the defeatist and the intellectual snob will believe that the masses with new reading time are incapable of better reading than the slush now offered them and the T. B. M. alike. The history of reading for the workers, here, in Eng-

(*Continued on page* 250)

## A Child After a Concert

By ELIZABETH ATKINS

THOUGH taxi-drivers shout and people press,
Her after-dream of shining tides of sound
Islands her in such sea-wide quietness
As laps Avilion's enchanted ground.
An exultation echoing through vast spaces
She hears, but not the screech of stopping cars.
She is unstartled as the moon that paces
The windy-walled wide garden of the stars.
How tired we others are! Joy new as this,
Not yet awake to know the dream was sweet,
Meeting the ardors of old symphonies
With youngest wonder's tremulous overflowing,
Passes us like a last snow-petal, blowing
From April skies, down to this puddled street.

## Boston from Within

By M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE

TWO years ago, in 1930, Boston celebrated the three-hundredth anniversary of its birth. In every one of its successive centuries the place has been addicted to putting itself on record, whether by individual or by collective writing. In 1880, when the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary came round, the four volumes of Justin Winsor's "Memorial History of Boston," assembling the work of many competent hands, made their appearance. In 1930, when the captains and the kings departed from the tercentennial jubilee, a local committee undertook the preparation of a fifth "Memorial History" volume, covering the half century from 1880 to 1930. Through this second coöperative enterprise it was felt that the status of Boston, in a large variety of its present aspects, might be rendered tangibly memorable in a fashion quite beyond the scope of festival pageantry and speech. Indeed the new volume,* now on the point of publication, accomplishes this very purpose. Further still, it sets one thinking about the Boston of today, not as a formal historian is permitted to think, but in the more personal terms of a contemporary observer.

More than twenty years ago I wrote an article which appeared, in *Harper's Weekly*, under the egregious title, "Boston—Why Is It and What?" This was the editor's conception of an improvement upon my own title, "Boston from Without." Anybody who read the article—assuming that somebody did—must have seen that it was concerned chiefly with the impression produced by Boston, in its various implications, upon visiting observers from the end of the seventeenth century to the beginning of the twentieth. Their observations were by no means uniformly flattering.

That was in 1908, when I had been living in Boston for most of the twenty preceding years. Now that another twenty years and more have passed over my head in the same surroundings, I cannot help feeling entitled to a few opinions of "Boston from Within." Though my hand may resemble the dyer's, subdued to what it works in, I submit that an alien bringing up, in Pennsylvania and Rhode Island, and a tardy slipping into Boston from the knee of an *alma mater* in Cambridge to whom there had been a predecessor elsewhere, have provided me with a point of view of which your perfect Bostonian is not possessed. But possibly an imperfect Bostonian, who has come to love his habitation without growing blind to some of its own imperfections, may serve as a relatively unobstructed conductor from Within to Without. Perhaps he is growing old, for, incidentally, it appals him to toss off his scores of years by threes, as lightly as a Psalmist.

He must nevertheless go on learning—sometimes from the mouths of babes. A young graduate of the best institutions of secondary and higher instruction to which New Englanders resort was recently asked, for example, whether, in his opinion, *nascitur, non fit* was true of the Bostonian as of the poet. When this had to be put, for his comprehension, into the bald vernacular of *born, not made*—can the need possibly be general?—it was but a fresh reminder that the comic paper figure of "Little Waldo," the pundit Boston child, had disappeared with other myths of yesterday. Yet generalizations, sometimes erected on myths, have an amazing hold upon life. How glibly the generalizations are made, I have had more than one occasion to observe. But let one suffice: Plodding home one afternoon through the Public Garden and carrying a green cloth bag for papers and who-knows-what-else, of a pattern which for some years enjoyed a wide vogue in Boston, I noticed that two unmistakable sightseers from other regions of America were eyeing me closely, and when I had passed them I heard the woman announcing solemnly to the man on the bench beside her, "They all carry them."

Here was food for thought: all Bostonians were alike, and I, despite my outland origin, was identified, even then, as one of them. Something of the sort is experienced by the Bostonian wandering South and West. Introduced as a visitor, he is often embarrassed to note the laying of a special stress on the information that he "comes from Boston." What does this suggest—that allowances must be made for anyone from so benighted a spot? Or is it to intimate—as the ironic tone in which it is often spoken leads one to doubt—"Now we shall hear something worth listening to"? Thus placed apart he wonders whether he really is apart, spiritually and socially as well as geographically, from the overwhelming majority of his countrymen. He does not want to be, whatever the indications may suggest to the contrary. This attitude of high expectations from without may be merely one of the penalties of living in a place which has so often been called the "Athens of America." Let younger communities beware. The danger is not a figment of the imagination—and to prove this point I should like to present *verbatim* a passage from an interview with Dr. Albert Einstein printed in the Pasadena (California) *Post* of March 1, 1932, the day of his departure for Germany: "One question suggested that Pasadena's culture is

* Fifty Years of Boston. City of Boston Committee on Memorial History (Goodspeed's Bookshop). 1932. $5.

## This Week

REVIEWS OF CHILDREN'S BOOKS by DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER, HENDRIK VAN LOON, BERTHA MAHONY, ANNE CARROLL MOORE, and others.

WAH' KON-TAH.
Reviewed by MARY AUSTIN.

"THE GREAT VICTORIANS."
Reviewed by GEOFFREY WEST.

"TITANS OF LITERATURE."
Reviewed by ARTHUR COLTON.

233 WORDS.
By FELIX RIESENBERG.

HUMAN BEING.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

"AFTERNOONS IN UTOPIA," etc.
Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

## Next Week, or Later

LAWRENCE'S TRANSLATION OF THE "ODYSSEY."
Reviewed by GILBERT MURRAY.

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to the modern world what Athens' culture was to the ancient. Einstein refused to make the comparison, as 'it would be too disturbing for the rest of the world.'" There spoke not only a great scientist, but a philosopher and diplomatist.

At this late day it is almost forbidden to define Boston as "a state of mind." Let us call it rather "a concept"—for as such it seems, from the inside, to have presented itself to many who regard it from without. And there are certain ideas which appear to have contributed to this concept.

One of them seems to be that the inhabitants of the place regard themselves as somewhat superior to their fellow-countrymen, and that they hold themselves aloof even from seeming equals who may in reality be their superiors. The Hon. F. J. Stimson in his "My United States" gives many tokens of knowing something about his Boston. "Modesty, therefore lack of self-confidence," he declares, "was (and is) a fault of Boston in character—just as undue self-consciousness is in manners." Generalizations are properly suspect, and certainly this dictum is not applicable to all of Boston. Indeed, all of Boston presents a widely variegated social landscape: the young and the old, in what is known as "society," go their separate ways; the different regions of the city and of the suburbs are farther apart than any measurements of distance would suggest; even the most enlightened Irish and Hebrew sections of the community are in no closer contact with the older New England sections than with each other. One is left asking just who the typical, the representative Bostonian may be. Surely no inhabitant of the place who walks the streets with his eyes open can imagine that anything he, or anybody else, may say or write, in brief compass, can be more than fractional.

In recent years the residents of Beacon Hill have celebrated Christmas Eve by filling the windows of their charming old houses with lighted candles and other ap-

offspring have remained anti-Jeffersonians, but it is certainly worth noting that, with hardly an exception, their descendants of the same name have held their place in the same Boston circle, colleagues in many relationships of life, up to the present day.

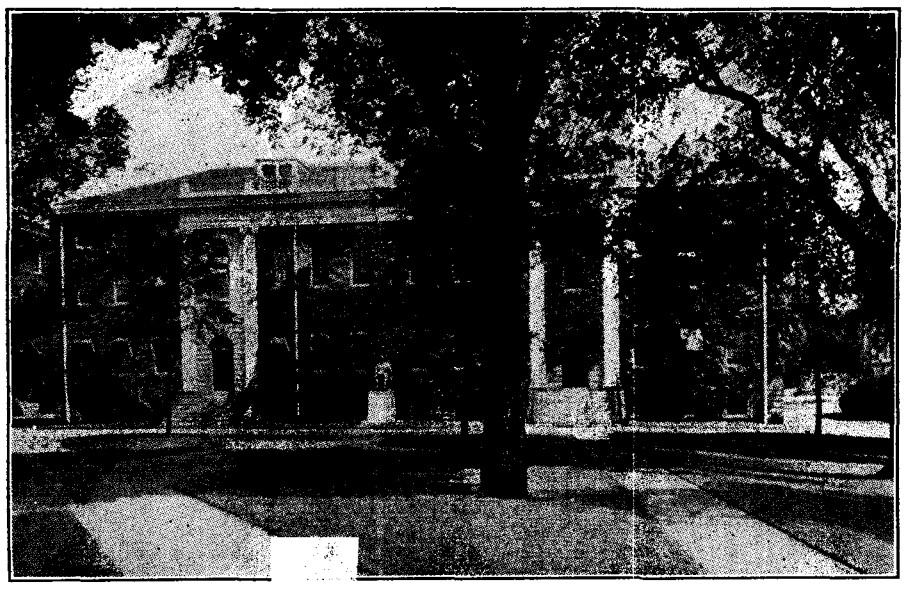
Now a little "superiority complex" is well known to be a dangerous thing. The Bostonian who is tempted to cultivate it with respect to his native society may be reminded that Charles Francis Adams, the second of his name, designated it in his Autobiography "a boy-and-girl institution," and went on, "I may say that in the course of my life I have tried Boston socially on all sides: I have summered it and wintered it, tried it drunk and tried it sober; and, drunk or sober, there's nothing in it—save Boston!" The "boy-and-girl" quality of society in Boston is of course due to the proximity of Harvard College. That institution holds such a

mity of an influential college and university has been counted a pervasive leavening influence. Now it is not only Harvard, but the Institute of Technology, and a congeries of other colleges and professional schools, both for men and for women, all within the short radius of that circle which disgorges its contents—or such fractions thereof as do not come "over the road"—at the Park Street subway station. It is not so much that these institutions—to say nothing of Dartmouth and other colleges scattered through New England—are constantly pouring their graduates into the life of the city; they are distributed also through many other regions. It is rather that men and women, literally by thousands, who are devoting their lives to the study and teaching of higher branches of learning, in all the humanities, sciences, and professions, are permanent members of the larger local community, touching at one point or an-

harder than they to stay the final punishment. There is now, as there always has been, in Boston a vigorous and vocal element of dissent for which the late William Everett may be taken as the spokesman in his reputed saying, "When I am in a small minority, I believe I am right; when I am in a minority of one, I know I am right." If the internal observer could see that the good resolutions towards certain changes in Massachusetts legal procedure had borne any tangible fruits in the years since 1927, he would feel more comfortable. And, in the censorship matter, he would welcome some reassurance that the hope raised in 1930 by the slight modification of a Massachusetts statute might be strengthened, to the end that the slogan "Banned in Boston" may henceforth be incapable of such profitable employment in other quarters as in recent years.

But is it worth while for the inner Bostonian to concern himself too deeply over outer impressions? Is he of so contented a provinciality as to be invincibly irritating to the inhabitants of other provinces? Sometimes it looks so—as the experience of an undiluted young Bostonian traveling some years ago in the West may suggest. The train was passing through a region of beautiful mountain scenery. Finding himself alone with a single passenger, apparently from the West, on the rear platform of the observation car, the Bostonian ventured a remark upon the magnificence of all that lay about them. With what result? The fellow-passenger rose from his chair, declaring, "If Columbus had happened to land on the Pacific instead of the Atlantic coast, Boston would never have been heard of," and left the well-meaning New England traveler alone on the platform, acutely conscious of the fact that for no discoverable reason beyond that of being a Bostonian he was simply more than the rugged son of the West could bear.

Perhaps it is best to let it go at that.



IVERSITY HALL IN 1930.
Harvard Class Album, 1932."

place in the community [illegible]hen one hears "the President" me[illegible] there is

other the lives of a vast number of the persons who constitute it. The academic

[illegible] to the paths that lead from the Harvard Stadium after a football game with Yale. The occasion has outgrown its original beauty, but the multitude it now assembles is regarding old Boston at its architectural best, and the portraits and furniture that show through the lighted windows provide the setting for a group of Bostonians in which the distinctive color of the city is preserved perhaps more clearly than anywhere else.

Out of this and its kindred group in the Back Bay proceeds the Bostonian both of comic legend and of respected fact. The Boston Athenæum, a proprietary library, lies almost under the shadow of the gilded dome that surmounts the Hill. It was a feminine frequenter of that institution who suffered not many years ago from the spectacle of a few Radcliffe students preparing at its tables for their examination. "Here they come," she exclaimed, "with their fur coats and their lip sticks, calling for serious books—adding hypocrisy to their other vices!" From the same region of the Hill and the "made land" beneath it proceed also, however, the descendants of the Unitarian seceders from a too rigid Calvinism and of the pre-Civil War "come-outers" in politics and social reform—followers of a liberal and independent way of thinking which has not yet ceased to imperil the excesses of uniformity and passing orthodoxies.

One social phenomenon, making for a stable—not to say static—outlook in Boston is suggested by the names of the leading Federalists cited in Charles Warren's admirable "Jacobin and Junto" as the warmest of Jefferson's antagonists in Massachusetts: "a group of Essex County men —Theophilus Parsons, John Lowell, and Jonathan Jackson of Newburyport, George Cabot and Nathan Dane of Beverly, and Timothy Pickering and Benjamin Goodhue of Salem"; with the addition of "Fisher Ames, Theodore Sedgwick, Tristram Dalton, John Lowell, Jr., Stephen Higginson, Josiah Quincy, Caleb Strong, Harrison Gray Otis, Francis Dana, and Robert Treat Paine." Not all of their

[illegible] still those who look back with a certain wistfulness on the days when a gentleman of the older school, recalled by Mr. Stimson, kept on his writing-table the Harvard Triennial Catalogue and applied its measurements to every name that came up for identification: "If a man was in it, that's who he was; if he wasn't, who was he?"

Of course this has all changed, like nearly everything else in the world. Yet looking about within the enclosure of Boston—for enclosed it certainly is in comparison with other places on the main-travelled roads of American life—are there not still some distinctive marks of its own which account both for the affection it breeds within and for the half-humorous respect in which it seems to be held without? These stigmata are hardly to be recognized in circles, or "sets," that may be called respectively —and no more in Boston than elsewhere—the hunting and the hunted. The opulent, with pleasure and fashion for the main objects of their lives, and the really poor who have to devote all their energies to keeping alive on any terms are much alike wherever you encounter them. Yet I venture to believe that the hunt in Boston extends itself among the more favored, perhaps a little more frequently than elsewhere, to other objects than the fox and his kindred; and that among the less favored, especially those whose economic level is somewhat above zero, there is a healthy sharing of interest with the more favored in the things of the mind and the spirit—books, pictures, music, endeavors of one sort and another towards the betterment of the human lot. These would be mere comforting generalities, were there not some bases of fact from which they might be deduced.

For such bases one does not look to skyscrapers, clearing-house reports, and rapidly mounting census figures. They are not found in bigness and traffic jams—even in traffic control. They may be sought in various directions, but for the moment let us concentrate on one. In all the history of Boston the mere proxi-

and dress and look like them, he—or she—need not turn solely to his "come-outer" forebears for example and encouragement.

All this, it may be objected, has to do with the Boston of tradition and its surviving inheritances from the past, and is therefore rather reflective and theoretic than actual. It would require the space of another article to deal at all adequately, in a concrete vein, with the contemporary city. What of its domination, according to another outer concept, by the Roman hierarchy? What of the Boston in which Sacco and Vanzetti were executed, and the censorship of books and plays has become a national joke? How do these matters look from within?

From without Mr. John Jay Chapman wrote in one of the more temperate lines in his poem, "The Roman Catholic Mind," printed shortly before the Smith campaign of 1928 lifted a general ban of silence from a momentous topic:

> Yes, Boston has been conquered and subdued,
> Her monuments are meaningless; her dome
> That seems to shine in heaven's solitude
> Is but a symbol of the Church of Rome.

Well, from within many a Protestant would confess that he is rarely disturbed by the consciousness of any such influence as Mr. Chapman pictures, and therefore doubts its potency. He observes the continued dominance of the old New England stock in the control of such characteristic local institutions as, let us say, a leading bank or business enterprise, a museum, a hospital, a venerable university, and shudders not at all when the boards that manage them recognize, by an extended inclusiveness, the interest and mastery of individuals of the newer stocks in matters with which they have not hitherto been identified.

In the Sacco-Vanzetti affair he remembers, whatever his own feelings may have been, that there were none more grieved and outraged by its outcome than the Boston dissenters, and none who worked

[illegible] land, or in Russia, has indicated over a century of experiment that when new classes begin to get time and opportunity to read they will take the good, if not the subtle, with ease and profit.

And yet it is against all supposition that this new leisure is to be filled by the classics and the best of such new books as now are written for a different audience. A new literature for the proletariat is going to be demanded, and this will not be what is just now being called proletariat literature. For this is not proletariat literature so much as literature about the proletariat. The work in poetry of some of the literary rebels here and abroad, the fiction of Dos Passos or Dreiser, or of the younger writers like Dahlberg, the novels of the revolution coming out of Russia, are decidedly not the kind of books that masses of released workers will read to fill new hours of freedom. This so-called proletariat literature is a record of injustice and thwarting, or of the evil influence of a capitalist society. It is good stuff for revolution perhaps, but poor food for an attained leisure. Its very class consciousness is against it. The books that are going to be written for emancipated workers will be as definitely proletariat in their major interests as Sir Walter Scott's are aristocratic, but will be no more actively class conscious than Scott, or Dickens, or Cooper. They will take life as life, not as social maladjustment, and it will be the kind of life that a steel worker on a five-day week will find that he can read about with profit and pleasure.

The course of this new proletariat literature is quite unpredictable. It may produce its Macaulays and Dickenses and its Dostoievskys. And it may develop just a new type of competent mediocrity. What happens will depend not so much upon the proletariat as upon the power of artists to create, and especially upon the will and the competence of critics and teachers to make the ideals of the great literary tradition of our eight centuries of culture felt. Certainly the intellectualists of the Communist movement are not yet upon its track.

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# The Osage Indians

WAH' KON-TAH. By JOHN JOSEPH MATHEWS. Norman: University of Oklahoma. Press. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by MARY AUSTIN

IN the year 1878 Major Laban J. Miles came to the last reservation of the Osages as their agent and began a journal which he kept up for the whole time of his occupancy of that office. He did not anticipate any such good fortune as that the notes recorded would fall into the hands of John Joseph Mathews. Mathews is himself an Osage, although having a white strain through his grandfather who appears in Western history as "Old Bill" Williams. The young man grew up on the Osage reservation. Although he became a graduate of the University of Oklahoma and took a degree in Natural Science from the University of Oxford in England, it was, however, without any loss of his essential integrity as a tribesman, so that Major Miles's notes could not have fallen into better hands.

Perhaps the greatest addition Mr. Mathews has made to Major Miles's journal is the re-creation of the scene, the sight and sound and color of it, which he has rendered with an extraordinary vividness of Indian feeling which is lacking in most Indian narratives; almost with clairvoyance, so that what we get out of the story is a series of brilliant pictures shining with a kind of supernatural brightness and clarity, so that in spite of the paucity of tribal lore the book succeeds in translating the tribal mood more successfully than any Indian record which has yet been produced. It is probably entirely due to the noble simplicity of Major Miles's character that it takes as a whole the curse of Government management off our dealing with the Osage and makes it possible for us to assume something of the dignity and justice that was inherent in Major Miles's dealing with them.

It might easily be that Major Miles's Quaker ancestry had something to do with his proving the most pacific and intelligent of Indian agents at a time when both qualities were sadly lacking from Indian agencies. The Osages were a large and important tribe occupying the country east of the Mississippi and south of the Missouri, bordering the lands occupied by the Spanish and the French, and were more or less batted about by them. Their chief settlements were on the Osage River in what is now the State of Missouri. There they remained until 1802 when almost half the tribe was removed to the Arkansas River, and their permanent camp later was set up on the Neosho early in 1822 under a treaty by which they ceded the lands which comprise most of the modern States of Missouri and Arkansas. The Osages were a tall and handsome people; when in a state of nature among the tribes they were extremely warlike and entirely competent to secure their tribal territory against the intrusion of alien clans. They were also a people of great dignity and their relation to the United States was less interrupted by violent struggle than that of most of the Plains tribes. The earliest of these struggles took place over the question of rations, the Osage objecting seriously to "being fed like dogs" in lieu of money payments for the lands which they had surrendered. In the midst of these difficulties they found Major Miles sympathetic and wholly just. They were, in the words of Che-Sah-Hunka, the Big Chief, "running in circles," and although Che-Sah-Hunka felt they would eventually "take the white man's road," he realized that there would be an interim in which his people would not know whether they were white men or Indians. It was through that period of doubtful venture that Major Miles helped them.

Mr. Mathews has taken the Major's journal and interpreted it in the light of his tribal knowledge and his intimate acquaintance with the country in which the struggle took place, so that instead of a written record we seem to see the thing take place before our eyes. The Osage experienced all of the difficulties to which our Indian tribes have been subjected. Although thanks to the intervention of Major Miles the bad faith and stupid misunderstanding on the part of the Government were reduced to a minimum, there was still the crowding in of whites and the greedy snatching at the rich lands of the Osages; the wanton killing of game and the destruction of natural food resources of the country; there was the problem of preserving the range for the Indians' cattle, the problem of preserving the Indians from the corrupting influences of the white man's whiskey. There was still more acutely the difficulty of adjusting tribal customs to white man's use. Although the Government attempted to refrain from interference with domestic problems of the tribesmen, there were instances in which Major Miles felt himself called to protest, as for instance, in breaking up the child-marriages of the tribe and lessening what he considered the disadvantage of the great mourning ceremonies of the Osages.

One feels, indeed, that there was too little sympathy with the tribal use, although in the question of painting the faces of the dead to insure their recognition by their friends in the Hereafter, the Major was both tender and wise, and although he managed to conduct himself so as to be admitted to many ceremonies, his interest in them was not sufficiently acute to have preserved the detail for his record. One regrets, indeed, that Mr. Mathews did not supply out of his own knowledge more of ceremonial interest. The Osage have the remnants of an extraordinarily interesting literature connected with their ceremonial life, as has been shown by Francis La Flesche, and a wealth of tribal lore which would have added much to this record.

Mr. Mathews's handling of the religious feeling of the book is admirable. Wah' kon-tah is Great Spirit of the Osage, thought of not so much as a Being, but as a pervasive presence coloring all the tribal life with Divinity—the tribal equivalent of the Way, the Truth, and the Life, which the author clearly gives us to feel, and so spares us explanation.

The reading of the book in a manner takes the place of experience and adds a much needed item to our report of the Indian tribes. One hopes, indeed, that Mr. Mathews will take it in hand at another time to complete the interior history of his tribe by recording their literature and lore in the same breadth and precision in which he has presented their recent tribal history.

ILLUSTRATION FROM "WAH' KON-TAH"

# The Victorian Spirit

THE GREAT VICTORIANS. Edited by H. J. MASSINGHAM and HUGH MASSINGHAM. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1932. $3.50.

Reviewed by GEOFFREY WEST

MESSRS. H. J. and HUGH MASSINGHAM have compiled this bulky volume, containing essays on forty of the most eminent Victorian figures by as many living British writers, in the belief that we are now sufficiently far from the Victorian period to see it in perspective and appraise it fairly. The result proves perhaps that there is only one true generalization, which is that there is no true generalization, yet while one may not agree with all the judgments concerned, one has to agree that they are in the main balanced, unprejudiced. The book was worth the writing, and is well worth the reading, were it only for the essays of Mr. Charles Morgan on Emily Brontë, Mr. Martin Armstrong on Edward Burne-Jones, Mr. J. L. Hammond on Richard Cobden, Mr. A. Y. Campbell on Edward Fitzgerald, Mr. Neville Cardus on W. G. Grace (the greatest of English cricketers), Sir Arthur Salter on John Stuart Mill, Mr. Laurence Housman on Florence Nightingale, Mr. H. M. Tomlinson on R. L. Stevenson, Mr. Frank Swinnerton on Thackeray, and Mr. Hugh Walpole on Trollope—a list of ten which suggests but does not exhaust the collection's infinite heterogeneity. Among the other contributors are Mr. Edmund Blunden, Miss Rebecca West, Mr. G. K. Chesterton, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Nicolson, Lord Ponsonby, Mr. J. W. N. Sullivan, Mr. J. Middleton Murry, Lord David Cecil, and Mr. Herbert Read, and the remaining twenty are little if at all less "Eminent Georgians." Here is entertainment, variety, instruction, a national portrait gallery of world-famous nineteenth century British personalities, sketched by, at worst competent, at best brilliant, modern word painters.

Yet with it all the larger problem of who and what, save historically, "the Victorians" were, remains undefined. Each reader must draw his own conclusions. He may with Mr. Arthur A. Baumann (England's Highest Tory) regard the Victorian period as Britain's Golden Age; he may, with Mr. W. J. Turner, spit it out like a bad taste. One man's meat is another man's poison. The problem is: are they eating the same meat, or has one roast beef, the other—liver! Is there anything we can really pin down and call Victorian? I think there is. But it is something almost as immaterial as spirit—in fact, it *is* a spirit—and takes a slightly differing form for everyone through whom it found expression, and for every observer who would regard it from "the poetic distance" of today. To term it Victorianism is, though, for an American audience especially, to locate and localize it more narrowly than the facts warrant.

It was a world phase—or at least a Western, an American and European phase—in human intellectual development. Its essence was belief in objective law as an absolute entity, given from everlasting to everlasting whether by known gods or unknown forces. "Was," I say, and imply today a comparative uncertainty. I believe that to be a simple fact. We have in the last thirty or forty years become increasingly aware, largely by the influence of Freudian and allied psychology, of the subjective element in, and conditioning, our thought in every, even the scientific, sphere. Each of us, as an individual, carries tied to his nose for life the darkened spectacles of his personality which perforce must color his vision of the universe. We gaze outward from ourselves, and speculate, and say that this or that is reality, but in our secret hearts we question how much of it all is but the projection of our own beings upon the dark and lowering screen of the great unknown. When Sir James Jeans proclaims God to be the Great Mathematician, how far does he define an objective fact, and how far, as Mr. Richard Hughes has recently suggested in another book and another connection, is the empty vault of the universe but returning the echo of his own personal mode of thought?

The Victorians—and it is equally true of the majority (there is *always* a minority) of the great nineteenth century figures in America and Europe generally—had no such doubts. Even the most critical of them severed the subjecti objective worlds by an absolute c tion. They knew—a knowledge for we would pay with a great pric they served ends greater than themselves, and gave themselves to those ends with an unequivocal devotion. Their simple certainty of direction gave them power, personal force of character, *drive*, however it narrowed many of them to a spiritual aridity, a denial of some of life's most vital realities; they achieved greatly because, however they questioned, they had always in the background some absolute standard by which to measure their achievement as positive. Even the occasional hypocrisy of their self-righteousness bears witness to their acceptance of an ideal of life beyond their sustaining. These present studies of Matthew Arnold, General Booth, Carlyle, Darwin, George Eliot, Gladstone, Huxley, Macaulay, Newman, Peel, Ruskin, Swinburne, Tennyson, and the rest, make clear the truth of this. If we are apt today to feel that Emily Brontë stands nearer to us than them all Mr. Charles Morgan explains why that is. Yet to survey their achievement is, in general, to be filled with respect for it and for them. We cannot imitate them; we may feel our own to be a more difficult and less grateful (yet surely a more exciting task; but we may salute them without disdain or prejudice. We may not like the world they have left us as our heritage, we may feel that in their self-confidence they fell short of their opportunities and responsibilities. Well, we have yet to prove ourselves more adequate. It is easy to feel superior; it is much more difficult—more than ever difficult today—to make that superiority real!

## The Saturday Review Recommends

**This Group of Current Books:**

FLOWERING WILDERNESS. By JOHN GALSWORTHY. *Scribners.*
A new novel, by the Nobel Prize winner, into which the characters of his "Maid in Waiting" enter.

HOLD YOUR TONGUE. By MORRIS ERNST and ALEXANDER LINDLEY. *Morrow.*
A study of libel and slander, written for the layman, and containing much interesting information.

JUST THE OTHER DAY. By JOHN COLLIER and IAN LANG. *Harpers.*
A book that sets out to do for England what "Only Yesterday" did for America.

**This Less Recent Book:**

EAST WIND, WEST WIND. By PEARL S. BUCK. *Day.*
The first of Mrs. Buck's novels on China.

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It is reported by *John o' London's Weekly* that Fascist students at Heidelberg University have succeeded in getting Professor Emil J. Gumbel dismissed from the faculty because he remarked in a lecture that "a turnip is better than a war memorial." Professor Gumbel published three books in which he advanced proof of over four hundred political assassinations, the truth of most of which was admitted by the Minister of Justice in 1924.

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# Literary Estimates

TITANS OF LITERATURE. From Homer to the Present. By BURTON RASCOE. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons. 1932. $3.75.

Reviewed by ARTHUR COLTON

"THE Greeks, in fine, were people." It is a sounder idea on which to reconstruct and interpret foregone generations if we assume that they were as we are than if we start with the assumption that they were not. Either idea has to be modified and corrected, but Shakespeare's Greeks and Romans are Elizabethan and are consequently three-fourths true, whereas Greeks and Romans put together out of theory and tradition and documents merely are three-fourths false. That the men of the Parthenon were more like ourselves than the men of Chartres is a theory one meets with now and then which I think more than dubious, but that is neither here nor there. Mr. Rascoe looks at the remote past, as well as the nearer, frankly from the standpoint of his own time and what he knows of humanity now alive. Ancient, medieval, modern, they were all simply people.

But it may be interjected here that his is an age of print, authorship, and copyright, and early Greece was an age of minstrelsy; of some big creative bards and many small tiresome bards no doubt; but the analogies of modern life are perilous as well as suggestive. The conditions of an age of minstrelsy tend to make authorship an uncertain, probably a more or less merged, miscellaneous, and successive matter. Mr. Rascoe may know the reason and reasons for the Wolfian theory of the Homeric poems as well as he knows his Heroditus, but he gives no evidence of knowing them. He argues the personality of Homer and the historicity of the Trojan War with almost the naïvité of a Fundamentalist on Moses and the Creation.

These thirty Titans are of various sizes. The Titanism of Mr. George Moore is at least relative. Much of the book is the recital of familiar stories. But it is all vigorous writing, free, readable, and admirably provocative of demurral and rebuttal. It does not matter about inaccuracies in a rapid passage over extensive fields. Guernsey, where Hugo was in exile, is not "an island off the coast of England." "O miranda vanitas! O divitiarum amor lamentabilis! O virus amarum!" does not mean "O emptiness of vanity! O lamentable bewitchments of love! O virus of lust!"

At least my small Latinity sees nothing there about emptiness, bewitchments, or lust, and seems to remember that *miranda* means strange, *amarum* bitter, and *divitiarum amor* love of riches. "It will be remembered that Francesca (Dante's Inferno, Canto 5) was condemned to Hell because of her incestuous love for her brother Paulo." Infelicitous, but hardly incestuous. Paulo was only the younger brother of her rather elderly and unpleasant husband. But it does not matter. Possibly we have reacted so strenuously against the "romance of virtue" that we have contracted a "romance of vice" and are more interested in finding something shocking than is quite normal. Possibly it is a phase of the "disillusionment" that we have our knives out for Virgil, Dante, and Milton, and our caresses all for Horace, Boccaccio, and Villon.

It matters that Mr. Rascoe is flatly of the biographic school, which is more interested in the incidents of a writer's life than in the qualities of his work, though there are the only things that make a writer of any particular importance. "It is a curious thing," he remarks, "that even those who have written most sympathetically of Milton cannot help betraying their imperfect sympathy with most of his work, or betraying their lack of admiration for the man." That is not quite true; but so far as true, I see nothing curious in it. Milton was not very likable personally, and his outlook was not theirs. But they had all been thrilled by his poetry and startled by his intellectual force. Why should anyone write about him who has never been thrilled by his poetry? who sees nothing in "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso" but "sophomoric compositions," and whose own "conviction is that these two" epics ("Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained") will in time be considered mere curiosities? Perhaps they will. But does Mr. Rascoe really think that the poet who spoke of Milton's "organ voice" knew nothing about "style"? Why should anyone write about Dante who thinks the "Divine Comedy" is not poetry except in places, that its thousand critics are "all jabbering about the ineffable beauties of a dreary catalogue of names and vices, and about the 'grand style' of a poem that, by any sensible standards whatever, is no more worthy of admiration than a carved replica of the battleship Maine inside of a bottle?" What is the point of a man's discussing the Heroic Symphony if he is tone deaf? If he calls it a welter of miscellaneous noise no more worthy of admiration than the squealing of a pig in competition with a base drum, that is fresh, vigorous, and no doubt admirably honest, but is it not also a little sophomoric?

Mr. Rascoe not only affirms that the most important event in American literature was the writing of "Huckleberry Finn" (which is an arguable selection) but follows with twenty-six other events of next importance or suggestiveness in American literature, all of them, except Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," Howells's "Silas Lapham" and Frederic's "Theron Ware," occurring in the twentieth century. In the later eighteenth century was published Bell's "English Poets," in a hundred or so volumes, whose publishers thought that, with the exception of three or four celebrities, there were no English poets before the Restoration, before Waller and Dryden had "refined our numbers," who were worth an enlightened age's consideration. Contemporary opinion is slippery prophecy, especially at a time when literary fashions, or social ideas, have made a notable shift. It would seem to me that the importance of Emerson's Essays is more evident than that of Mr. Parrington's "Main Currents of American Thought"; of the short stories of Hawthorne and Poe than those of Ring Lardner, or of Mr. Cabell's tales of Poictesme, for they have had three generations to prove it in.

But all these demurrals tend to obscure the admiration one must feel for his wide, intelligent reading and his frank, familiar style. If any of his "important" books are not known to any reader, it would be well to get acquainted with them—as well as with the "Titans of Literature." It is pleasant to note the inclusion in his list of the essays of the late Frank Moore Colby. But one has to note also that he needs a corrective on almost every page.

"It is a fortunate thing," Mr. Rascoe says very wisely, "for all of us, that there is a 'Decameron' to counterpoise the 'Divine Comedy.'" Would he see any meaning in the reply, namely: it is a fortunate thing for some of us that there is a "Divine Comedy" to counterpoise a "Decameron"? One has to infer that he would not see all the meaning and perhaps not very much of it.

. . . An unreasonable prejudice persists against persons who read the end of a book first, or at least turn to the ending after having read a chapter or two of the start. This habit, or vice, or whatever it is, seems to cause suffering among the makers of mystery. Some manufacturers seal their last chapters against what they regard as nothing less than a form of rape. They warn their readers and try to keep them regular by persuasion and even hint at conscience; the purchasers of horrors, murders, mayhem, and all bloody crimes must be kept law abiding and obedient.

But my sympathy goes to the eager, incontinent reader, the hot, impatient ones who get the drift of names and turn at once to the end to find out what they already know; the ever hopeful ones who seek an impossible surprise. Once the puny fiction has been uncovered, it takes a book of some merit to drag the reluctant mind across its pages. The mere fact of reading then becomes a tribute to the author's work.

This is a defense of the pariahs, those of us eager to know, in advance, what is coming, even if it is only the ending of a story. Perhaps it is a harmless form of suicide, combined with justifiable murder; it kills millions of books. There is one Author, however, who keeps inviolate his ending sentences. . . .

Edna Ferber

# A Novel of Setting

THE GEORGIAN HOUSE. By FRANK SWINNERTON. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

IN this book the author has assembled a number of well-tried and generally reliable ingredients: an old-fashioned house with a secret panel; a hero who is at the beginning of the book living under an assumed name and is evidently under some sort of romantic cloud, from which he is called home to take his inheritance; a wise old lady who understands the young things; a missing will; a thorough-paced villainess; a blackmailing lawyer's clerk; and other standbys too numerous to mention. The sort of book that results from such a combination is in most cases excellent entertainment, and of that we cannot have too much. If "The Georgian House" kept its promise of good traditional melodrama it would be a pleasure to read and recommend it. But unfortunately the good old melodrama never quite comes off.

There appear to be several reasons for its failure. The various parts are not sufficiently connected. And there are many minor characters, treated at considerable length, who have no effect upon the plot at all. In another sort of book, this would matter less; but in a book in which the plot is so insisted on as it is here, where every few pages there is an intimation that we shall see more of this or that there is more in that than meets the eye; it is difficult to realize that there are whole scenes that are meant to stand only by their own interest.

Mr. Swinnerton appears to have tried to write a melodramatic novel in which the chief interest should not be in the story, nor in the principal figures, but in the setting, the lesser actors, and other elements. This of course can be done; Dickens did it, though not by design, in almost every book he wrote; and it is no doubt tempting to a writer of Mr. Swinnerton's technical skill. But though it can be done, it cannot be done by hurrying over the crises of the melodrama at the rate that "The Georgian House" does. The three turning points of the action are the determination of the villainess to use her attraction to make the hero marry her; the hero's discovery of the will that proves that his wife was both his uncle's mistress and his uncle's heiress, and that he has no right to his house; and the murder by which the villainess finally cuts the knot. And each of these is given a treatment which is so sketchy as to be positively shamefaced. The seduction of the hero is accomplished with such speed, and related with such more than Victorian modesty, that it is almost incredible to the reader, who has had no reason to regard the villainess as particularly attractive. It would seem that Mr. Swinnerton had attempted a melodramatic novel which should avoid the melodrama's vices, and had unfortunately succeeded in avoiding the melodrama's virtues as well.

# Mankind's Experience

MAN'S ROUGH ROAD. By A. G. KELLER. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. Yale University Press. 1932. $2.25.

Reviewed by CLARENCE G. DITTMER

"MAN'S ROUGH ROAD," variously subtitled "Backgrounds and Bearings from Mankind's Experience" and "The Evolution of Society," might also well have been called "How on Earth Did We Get That Way?" This is the question which Professor Keller in all seriousness asks and as seriously answers for he rightly perceives that a knowledge of the steps by which we have risen steadies judgments regarding the present and indicates possible paths into the future. The present is a period of violent agitation and rapid change. The shortcomings of government, religion, education, the family, and marriage are displayed to the amazed view of the public. The all-too-frequent conclusion is that such imperfect institutions must be fundamentally wrong and that nothing remains but to scrap them and substitute something new.

Professor Keller suggests that the blind scrapping of the machinery of society is rather dangerous business. What we have is the product of the age-long experience of the race. Having survived time it must possess practical values which have made its survival possible. It is wise therefore, he maintains, to have our social antiques appraised by an expert before selling out to the junk man. It is also wise, before adopting an amendment to the social code, to know whether or not the experiment has already been tried and with what results. In our mania for change this precept is so often forgotten that society is prone, all unwittingly, to repeat the mistakes and follow the blind trails of the ancestors. He remarks that "confident, well-meaning ignorance is a terrible thing."

Let it not be concluded that Professor Keller is unduely conservative or an exponent of the *status quo*. With the above in mind he fearlessly and at times rather bravely tackles a group of institutions having to do with the organization and regulation of the material, spiritual, and sex sides of life. He takes particular delight in exploding myths and explains most lucidly the actual manners and practices of our predecessors. Most important of all he traces the path by which our social machinery has arrived at its present stage. The knowledge is at times disquieting but exceedingly valuable.

Professor Keller's book is a remarkable accomplishment both in its own right and in its ancestry. In its own right it is pungently written and abounds in exceedingly clever epigramatic "asides." It is an essence, thought provoking and soundly informative. But the most astonishing thing about the book is that, considering its ancestry, it should ever have appeared in its present form. The parent of this eminently popular presentation is a three-volume work written for and read only by scientists. It is this work which the careful scientist has boiled down and spiced up for popular consumption. Professor Keller long hesitated but his insistent friends finally won him over and proved the correctness of their belief that he could do it.

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

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NOBLE A. CATHCART . . . . *Publisher*
AMY LOVEMAN . . . . . *Managing Editor*

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Published weekly by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., 25 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y. Noble A. Cathcart, President and Treasurer; Henry Seidel Canby, Vice-President and Chairman; Amy Loveman, Secretary.

Subscription rates per year, postpaid in the U. S. and Pan-American Postal Union, $3.50; in Canada, $5; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere $4.50. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 1, 1879. Vol. 9. No. 18.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."
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# The Bowling Green

## Human Being

XLIII. RUM OMELET

AND now Hubbard had collected as much material as anyone could ever gather about Richard Roe. Even some of that, he explained, is conjecture; biographic license. He had tried to do an Inside Job. He looked at his pigeonholes of paper, his pages of notes, the feeble diagram pinned on the wall. The little receptacle of the pencil sharpener was choked with cedar shavings. He was ready to begin to write the Life of Richard Roe. But in that also would the fine sifting of graphite be lost in a mass of curly insignificant shreds? He tried to put some ideas down on paper, the lead snapped.

You try to write with too fine a point, I suggested. Authors don't work like accountants; they use a blunter pencil.

"I guess it's all done with mirrors," he said angrily and pushed back his chair with a noisy scrape. He piled all his documents neatly in their classified compartments.

Jules's place is a lovely interior on a warm summer day. From the inside room you can see a green glimpse of the little back garden. There is a blue shirt on the line, the thick shade of the ailanthus tree hides the huge towers above. You have to go down to the end of the yard to get a clear view of those great verticals and the steely gargoyles of Chrysler. There you can see how two rows of small brick homes are honeycombed into the concrete eyries of the city. The coneys are a feeble folk, but they make their houses in the rocks.

Jules was very happy in the kitchen, stuffing a chicken he was to roast and deliver to a favorite client. He appeared in the doorway every now and then to show Hubbard and Minnie how the job was progressing, and to remark how much Mr. Vogelsang was going to enjoy it. It was mid-afternoon on Saturday, they were alone in the place but had not yet decided what they would eat. Jules suspected what Mr. Hubbard would choose: it had become a ritual among the Erskine alumni. A rum omelet. When Jules had it all ready they always turned off the light, then he brought in the blazing dish, filling the little room with pale blue flicker. This was always a sensation for guests who had never seen it before, and Minnie had never heard of rum omelet.

But they were not ready to eat yet; they'd been talking a long while over their wine and seltzer.

"You know, I can't write the book," he said. "It's impossible. It would never make sense; it would only hurt a lot of people. What's the use? I can't imagine why I was such a fool as to even think of it. But I don't regret the time and struggle I've put on it. Maybe it's taught me a little more kindness. Kindness is no mood for a modern biographer."

Minnie looked at him strangely. "I've got something to show you," she said. "It's a note he left on my desk when he left the office, the night he died." From an envelope in her purse she took a slip of paper and handed it to him. On it was printed:

OFFICE MEMORANDUM

To:

FROM:

The *To* and *From* were not filled in; beneath was written:—

*Been cleaning up and thought of a good way to get rid of the Iron Ration. You'll be amused. I never told you, Minnie, I learned what you tried to do for me. Didn't like to say anything about it. Too late I guess, I just wanted to let you know I understand O. K.*

*R.*

"Miss Mac's the only one who ever saw that. She thought I ought to show it to you. She thinks—you see, she thinks—well, she's never forgotten his mentioning *fifty thousand. That was the amount of his* policy, payable to the company."

"She's crazy," he said. "There's nothing in that note to justify any such notion. He wouldn't have said 'you'll be amused'."

"It would be rather bitter if he meant that. He wasn't usually bitter. You can imagine how it hurt. If it was that, it can only have been my fault. Larry, do you think he thought I walked out on him when he needed me most? I tried so hard to help."

"You're all wrong. You knew him well enough to know that wasn't the way his mind worked."

"Does anybody know anybody?" she asked.

Hubbard was silent awhile. He lit a cigarette and pretended not to notice while she got out her vanity case.

"Jules!" he called. "Suppose you fix us up a rum omelet."

"I don't think I feel like eggs," Minnie said.

"These aren't just eggs; you wait and see. Don't be so masterful."

"There's another reason why I can't write this book," he said presently. "I know something about Richard by now, and I can guess what he'd say. He'd suggest I spend less time thinking about his life, and more about my own."

"My God," said Minnie, "you look so comic, I believe you're getting ready to ask me to marry you."

"I believe I am."

"You know I don't believe in marriage."

"You've never given it a chance."

"I couldn't love anyone else the way I did Richard. Don't you think he'd always be coming between us?"

"No. I think he'd be pleased."

"There's the business. That takes most of my time."

"Make Ed Furness sales manager. He's developing nicely. And say, it'd be nice to offer Gladys a job in the office. She's crazy to help, only she's ashamed to ask."

"You want to fix everything up in a nice Christian spirit, don't you?"

She took off her hat, as though it felt tight, and shook her head to loosen her thick dark hair, now threaded with gray.

"Are you shaking your head at *me*, or just shaking your head?" he asked.

"A little bit of both, I guess. No, Larry, it wouldn't be fair to either of us. Richard was different. He needed me—anyhow I figured it that way. Besides, you don't want to marry a woman of forty-two."

"Heavens, girl, I'm forty-eight myself. Even at that I've still got one-point-thirty-two years of expectation. Or we could go to New Zealand; people live longer there."

"Well, I'll think it over. It's the first proposal of marriage I've ever had, naturally I'm flustered.—Do we eat or don't we?"

"Jules!" he shouted.

"Right away, Mr. Hubbard.—You can get ready for it."

Hubbard pulled off the light, to Minnie's surprise, and Jules brought in the burning platter.

"What on earth," she exclaimed. "What is it—hell fire? Why, you old sweetheart, did you think this up for me?"

"There was something else I thought up," he said. While Jules ladled spoonfuls of flaming spirit over the omelet, Hubbard whispered to her.

"And if it was a boy, we could call him Richard."

"No; no carbon copies, thank you."

"You're going to need someone you can make your terrible cracks to; someone who's learned not to be shocked."

"Larry, you're grown quite human, haven't you. I thought you were a sissy at first."

He turned on the light.

"Strike while the omelet's hot," he suggested. "The blue flame doesn't last long."

"Mmmmm, but isn't it perfectly marvellous."

Perhaps she was thinking while they ate. "In the interests of public morals," she said, "I'm not going to put Jenny out on the street again."

And later still: "Anyhow I'm glad you're not going to write the book."

The thought of Richard Roe was in both their minds: not sad or bitter; a comfortable thought.

THE END

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

MATHEMATICS MADE CLEAR: EQUATIONS IN GLASS IN THE COMMON ROOM, FINE HALL, PRINCETON.

## Designed to Amuse

AFTERNOONS IN UTOPIA. By STEPHEN LEACOCK. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1932. $2.

THE AMERICAN KEEPSAKE. By RUSSEL CROUSE. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1932. $2.50.

EVIL THROUGH THE AGES. By GEORGE S. CHAPPELL. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. 1932. $2.

MEN ARE LIKE STREET CARS. By GRAEME and SARAH LORIMER. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1932. $1.50.

COMIC RELIEF. Compiled by R. N. LINSCOTT. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1932. $2.50.

FUN IN BED. Edited by FRANK SCULLY. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1932. $2.50.

THE FIFTH *NEW YORKER* ALBUM. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

I CAN'T say I have laughed terribly hard at most of the above books. That's a fact. Perhaps, of them all, Russel Crouse's "The American Keepsake" was to me the most satisfactory, and that is a compilation of what our forefathers (and foremothers) took seriously, ranging all the way from Love to "Female Accomplishments" and Conundrums. Mr. Crouse is our leading connoisseur of the oddities of this country's glorious past, and his book is one to store up against the long winter evenings, and not to be read all at once. The gems of this album should serve rather to titillate the mental palate and as a savory for literature's fuller feast. To revive drooping conversation this anthology can be picked up almost anywhere and quoted from with edification.

Though, if you have friends not present who are laid up somewhere with some ailment or other, "Fun in Bed or The Convalescent's Handbook" is suggested to you, because Frank Scully has done a choice bit of compiling with it, gathering together all sorts of miscellanea that may or may not save the patient's life. For this purpose he has drawn on a number of our best humorists, such as Ring Lardner, whose "Zone of Quiet" is one of the best things in the book, Frank Sullivan, Oggie Nash, George Jean Nathan, and even William Shakespeare. The book is complete with lead-pencil, as it contains certain cross-word puzzles, guggenheims, etc., to help while away the bleak hours. It seems to us a good idea and a salable volume, as most of us, in these parlous days, are constantly having our friends get cracked up in some way and looking around for something to send them of a consoling nature.

When I come to R. N. Linscott's "Comic Relief: An Omnibus of American Humor," I approve of it, as it starts out with my very favorite Stephen Leacock selection, "My Financial Career," and includes all those people I think funniest in America: Bob Benchley, Dorothy Parker, James Thurber, etc. The only trouble with it, for me, is that I've read almost everything in it before, as the pieces have appeared in different books or in *The New Yorker*. But there's certainly a lot of fun in it. Just as there is in the "Fifth *New Yorker* Album," with a Foreword by James Thurber; and, fortunately, some of this versatile humorist's own inimitable drawings are to be found therein. *New Yorker* pictures, of course, are, and deserve to be, famous. They have rung the bell more times in the matter of inspired comicality than the illustrations of any other American humorous publication. They have set a new standard.

And, speaking as I have been, of Stephen Leacock, I regret to report that on turning to his "Afternoons in Utopia" I have more than once fallen into a drowse. This simply is far from being one of his funniest books. Perhaps the trouble is that Utopias are really such a dull subject, that even so superbly funny a man as Leacock has occasionally been, is gravelled by the assignment. I got a smile or two out of certain passages, but that is all. Likewise, in tackling an "Outline of Indecency or Evil through the Ages," by my friend George S. Chappell (though I set his book above Leacock's), he seems to me rather bogged down by quite as portentous a task. We have had so many outlines of all kinds by this time, that the mind flinches even from a workmanlike parody effort. My advice to the reader would be to take "Evil Through the Ages" by very easy stages (steady!) and to skip about in it considerably to find those occasional flashingly good things of which Chappell is capable. Avoid any determined trek from cover to cover. It is likely to include heavy going.

Finally, I have found that the young Lorimers can produce a recognizable and diverting portrait of the sub-deb of the day in "Men Are Like Street Cars." But again—I must be getting very old indeed—a little of her goes a long way—and this is no "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." It sounds, however, true to type, and the book develops some most feminine characteristics in a style quite—if not phenomenonally—amusing. The "patter" affected by these young things just budding into sophistication helps to salt the pages. The heroine is almost frighteningly astute.

### ERRATUM

By mistake the date of publication of Lawrence's translation of the Odyssey was given last week as November nineteenth instead of twenty-sixth.

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## *The Window*

NOVEMBER 13-19 this year marks the fourteenth annual Children's Book Week. This genial and now firmly entrenched custom of designating one November week in which to emphasize the various ramifications of youthful reading, began when boy's and girl's books were just graduating from a left-handed, stepchild position into what is now generally and rather importantly recognized as The Field of Children's Books. There was need of crusaders in those days. The contemporary creators of such books were regarded with tolerant amusement. There was a tendency on the part of grown-ups to sniff at the insipidity of all books for children except those which were hallowed in their own memories of youth. A small and enthusiastic group of believers inaugurated this children's book week to demand from an apathetic public proper attention. They have succeeded. This week schools, libraries, clubs, lectures, bookstores to be sure, and even the radio join in the annual celebration. The united drive furthermore has succeeded in raising the standard of the books themselves by its emphasis and guardianship of true artistry in all that goes into the making of a book. Today's child has a remarkably spirited and ever-growing library in which to move about. But now that children's books *per se* have rightly and well won to a bright place in the sun, they have also earned the privilege of being treated not as a unique sport, something strange or foreign to adult comprehension, but like any self-respecting book, to be damned or praised by the standards of criticism which apply to all printed expression of creative endeavor. It is the policy of *The Saturday Review* to look upon them in this fashion.

## *A Poet's Journey*

NICHOLAS AND THE GOLDEN GOOSE. By ANNE CARROLL MOORE. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1932. $2.

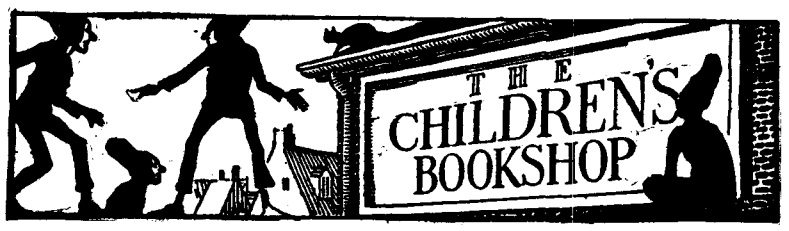
Reviewed by DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER

IF the child for whom you are buying books this year is one of the "sensible" logical kind, who likes to know exactly what things mean and stops you for an explanation over every new word and new name, keep Miss Moore's fantastic, imaginative, rather disconnected second series of Nicholas's adventures from him. Don't even let him look at the bright colored modernistic frontispiece, made up of circles and dots and zig-zags with (apparently) a lighted city at night down at the bottom. It might well give him brain fever. But if your prospective reader is one of the dreamy, poetic, fairy-tale-loving little boys and girls, the kind who likes to drape himself over a chair and listen half-absently to somebody reading aloud a poem filled with words and ideas half of which he can't understand, but all of which give him a mysterious pleasure—"Nicholas and the Golden Goose" is the book for him.

Nicholas, the imaginary yet real Dutch boy of Miss Moore's first book, well remembered by children and their parents, goes in this second volume a-travelling—apparently wherever Miss Moore travelled in 1921, when the story (if you can call it a story) is laid. He goes to France where he naturally—(Miss Moore being one of our finest children's librarians) visits the Children's Library at Soissons and Vic-sur-Aisne. Also Paris and the French countryside and Mrs. Anne Dike and the war-devastated part of France and Belgium and Mlle. le Cartier and Coucy and Mme. Mouricaud and much more, some of it intelligible to a child, some of it just words and names, fascinating to your dreamy-eyed little poet, maddening to the child who wants a story to get on.

He goes to England, too, and—here is a chapter that will make even your hard-headed little realist sit up and give ear—visits in her home the Beatrix Potter who wrote the adorable and adored "Peter Rabbit." Also visits Walter de la Mare in *his* home, and fine old farms in the English countryside, and Alice Meynell and Hampstead Heath and Leslie Brooks and "goodness knows what-all!" your dreamy child will say, relishing the very lack of sequence of these adventures. And then Nicholas returns to America and there are more of these strange, dream-like, lifelike, disjointed trips in and out of books and reality.

The charmingly illustrated and well-printed volume has a flavor of its own, indescribable, like all flavors. A strongly marked flavor, too, sure to make some children turn away in bewilderment, sure to be unreasoningly, delightedly savored and enjoyed by others.




Conducted by KATHERINE ULRICH

## *The American Scene*

THE PRAIRIE PIRATES. By EARL CHAPIN MAY. New York: Duffield & Green. 1932. $2.

SWIFT RIVERS. By CORNELIA MEIGS. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1932. $2.

MISSISSIPPI RIVER BOY. By EDWIN L. SABIN. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1932. $2.

Reviewed by ROYAL J. DAVIS

A GRAPHIC picture of the perils of travel by road and river a hundred years ago in what is now the Middle West and of the general stress and strain of living under primitive conditions is presented in Mr. May's historical novel, "The Prairie Pirates." Intended for older boys, it will interest their sisters, too, not only by its thrilling adventures but also by its touch of romance. Prairie pirates were gamblers, counterfeiters, robbers, and murderers who took what they considered a short cut to wealth. Andrew Fowler, the hero of this story, encounters some of the stripe on his way from his native Maryland to Illinois, attracted westward by stirring tales of the Indians and by a blue-eyed lass who had passed through Maryland on her way to Galena. Reaching the land of his dreams, he meets a tall fellow named Lincoln, under whom he fights in the Black Hawk War, and has glimpses of the Millerite end-of-the-world delusion and of the Mormon troubles at Nauvoo. He becomes a leader of the Regulators and does his bit against the prairie pirates. As the book closes, we see him setting out with his wife for a still longer trek westward, for he joins the gold rush to California. There is action aplenty in these crowded pages, and there is also a display of the virtues of courage and public spirit.

In "Swift Rivers" the time is again a century ago, and the scene the Middle West, but not the rolling prairies. The story takes place on the Mississippi and a Minnesota tributary. Inspired by a chance conversation, Christian Dahlberg, a lad living with his grandfather on the Goose Wing River in the wilderness of northern Minnesota, cuts some of his trees and does the unprecedented by floating them in the spring flood down to St. Louis. It is an extra-hazardous undertaking, there being dangerous men as well as dangerous waters, and there is greater variety of possible mishap from both than one might imagine. A feud complicates matters somewhat, and a group of Indians threatens the success of the venture, but all difficulties are surmounted as only logging skill and indomitable spirit could overcome them. The details of these manifold operations, far from being wearisome, provide some of the most fascinating passages of the narrative.

Another story of the great river, "Mississippi River Boy," has the atmosphere of the South. Tony Lee, yielding to the call of the stream which, flowing to the Ohio, joined the "Massassip'" and at length got to New Orleans, finds himself on the *Nancy Jane* after a series of hair-breadth escapes from being caught by the hard-fisted foster-father who had found him, a tiny youngster, afloat on a hen-coop turned bottom side up in a shore eddy of the Ohio and, after a fashion, had raised him. The *Nancy Jane* was no steamboat—she was propelled by sweeps wielded by powerful oarsmen—but she was infinitely preferable to the dugout in which, following a treacherous attack upon her captain and crew by a robber gang, Tony was set adrift by an old woman. So his voyage went on from adventure to adventure until one night, asking for shelter at a cabin, a woman saw the locket which had always hung around his neck and so identified him as her long-lost son. Even this momentous event, however, did not end his exciting experiences on the Great River, of whose activities, in keel or steamboat, he became a part.

## *Spacious Picture Books*

OLA. By INGRI and EDGAR PARIN D'AULAIRE. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1932. $2.

DANIEL BOONE. Historic Adventures of an American Hunter among the Indians. Boston: Bookshop for Boys and Girls. 1932. $3.50.

THE STORY OF NOAH. By CLIFFORD WEBB. New York: Frederick Warne & Company. 1932. $1.75.

Reviewed by ANNE CARROLL MOORE

SPACE, light, and movement in harmony with a subject that lives in the artist's mind are the distinguishing characteristics of these three notable picture books.

Totally different in theme and in the technique by which each one is consistently developed, the effect on the mind of distinct refreshment, and on the memory of recapturing that mood at the turn of a page, is common to all three and it is this which sets the books apart from other picture books of the year and assures them a place among the cherished possessions of children for years to come.

"Ola" is not merely another picture book to look at. "Ola" is a living character, a new friend whose adventures in a strange country—Norway—are as convincing as a child's own dream of adventure. "Ola" has been created out of great love of childhood and great sensitiveness to the atmosphere of a country backed by sound knowledge and accurate observation of material forms. It is a book to delight a four year old child with its quality of intimate companionship and zest for adventure and it is also a background book for later reading of Norse literature.

In "Daniel Boone" we have a distinguished and intensely interesting picture book, brilliantly rendered in the mood and technique of today but dealing with early American history as seen and felt by a gifted European artist. "When as a boy (in Russia) Rojankovsky played Indian," says Esther Averill, one of the editors of this unique contribution to picture books, "he was not always chief; sometimes he was a buffalo, which is an important memory for a foreign artist who would give authentic poetry to the early American story."

Brilliant in their drawing, color, and pattern as are these lithographs for "Daniel Boone," and authentic as the reproductions appear on the generously spaced pages the book with English, as well as with the French text is printed in France), the pure magic of its appeal lies in a rare quality of imagination, stored up in memory from boyhood. It is given artistic expression in forest and river scenes which, with all their gaiety and dramatic significance, hold also the beauty of shadows on snow, silver birch trees, sunlit spaces and the very life of the broad river down which the flatboat is coming.

This book, with its simple narrative text, may well point the way to more imaginative pictorial treatment of America. It should be carefully noted, however, that such books originate only in richly stored minds of imaginative power endowed with strong selective instinct for perfectly balanced composition.

Art lovers as well as children will want to add "Daniel Boone" to their treasures among books.

"The Story of Noah" plays with an old theme in a thoroughly delightful new way. The artist, Clifford Webb, has written the text in two parts, interspersed by line drawings of varying merit. Telling the familiar story with a wealth of domestic detail of his own devising, he carries it to the point of entering the Ark and then introduces a procession of animals, two by two, rendered in woodcuts of soft, harmonious colors. This beautiful and lifelike procession taking up page after page in the center of the book would make a delightful wall decoration for a child's room. One comes upon it in the book as a complete surprise.

In a lean year the three books, printed respectively in the United States, France, and England, are indicative of faith in the integrities of childhood interests and in the art of book-making.

## *A Young Novel*

HEPATICA HAWKS. By RACHEL FIELD. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1932.

Reviewed by BERTHA E. MAHONY

"A YOUNG novel," some one has called Rachel Field's new book. In the best sense of the word, it is a novel, for the book is a prose narrative of real beauty with characters and action out of real life portrayed in a plot. It may properly be called a "young" novel because all the action of the story occurs in the year Hepatica Hawks, its heroine, is fifteen. It will be liked by young people and many older ones as well.

Hepatica Hawks was the big daughter of Hallelujah Hawks, the Giant in Joshua Pollock's World Famous Freaks and Fandangos,—"You couldn't find a more decent first-class set of freaks anywhere," Joshua boasted on all occasions. "Nor a kinder set of people," Joshua Pollock might have added.

When the story opens all are interested in their celebration of Hepatica's birthday. Hepatica herself is moved by a cherry tree in blossom, the spring, and all the emotional experience of a sensitive girl of fifteen, who is living on the outskirts of normal life with a troupe in which she has grown up but where life is becoming impossible to her. She can't bear any longer to be a spectacle, and she longs for a friend who is not a freak.

She has her wish when Tony Quinn, a bright boy of about her own age but a rascal, joins the troupe. And when he leaves, his friendship has served only to remind Hepatica that there seems to be no place for her in the every-day world. Exciting things happen to the troupe. Hepatica continues to use her lovely singing voice behind the scenes to help Titania Tripp in her act. And that leads to a strange turn of the road where Hepatica finds after all a place in the world really big enough for her.

These are the bare outlines of a story which has a special delicacy and loveliness. A good story in itself, for grown-ups it might stand also as a symbol of those years when the spirit of youth—consciously or not—reaches out after beauty; is filled with yearnings; is troubled by imagined, if not real, oddity, and has little or no peace. "Hepatica Hawks" has no trace of a morbid quality, is free from sentimentality, and infused throughout with kindliness, generosity, and humanity.

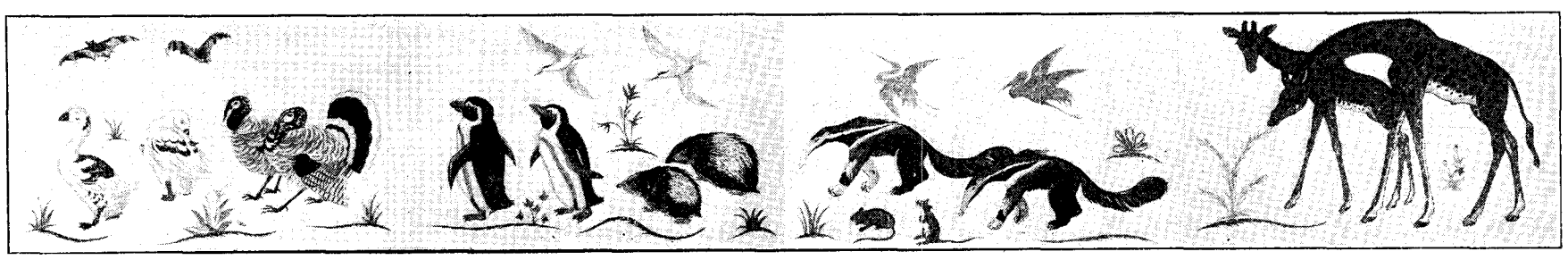


ILLUSTRATION FROM "THE STORY OF NOAH."

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# *Overture to Man*

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

CHILD with a wish,
Ever the child with a wish,—
Hands waving to grasp the light like a golden fish,
Fists beating its golden gong; diminutive fat
Hands that would clutch at Night like the fur of a velvet cat. . . .

Voracious infant desire
For all things bright, for fluttering ribbons of fire,
Sparkles of shattered glass—every surprise
That flashes before owlish unfocussed eyes,
Stared at, flapped at, greeted with vehement cries. . . .

Delight of the flesh,
Easeful delight of flesh,
Drunken delight in the fount flowing afresh,
Swollen affront at the insult of any pin
Minutely touching the skin. . . .

Power swelling the heart,
Exultant power
Flailing blankets and pillows, stopped in a stour
Of utter amazement over a fly on the wall,—
Power to creep, to crawl,
At last to stand—great magic!—to totter and fall
But stand again, after all. . . .

Faces and hands
Familiar grown with all their astounding demands,
Hands and faces that first descended from heaven
Enormous with doom on the early languid sweven
Now passing from rounded eyes and limbs that kick in their bands,—
Omnipotent faces and hands!

Huge cooing and grinning and winking
Masks that waxed and waned while the eyes were blinking,
Massive arms and terrible sweeps of motion
With the floor below like an ocean
Under the high precipitous cliff of dandling,—
Awful prolonged much-handling!

The wonder of words,
Syllables like the ruffling feathers of birds,
Brusque bubbles of sound lost in the infinite pool
Of language, of words rippling and cool
And words electric and hot,
And words that are not
One or the other, but out of some dream forgot
Summon enchantment. . . . Looming mouths that mull
Over such words in multitude gleaming or growing dull. . . .

Patterns of things,
Contours with legs and tails and beaks and wings
Striped or spotted, colored with this or that brightness;
Objects of heaviness, lightness,
Large and small, lumpy or round or square—
Stool and table and chair. . . .

Edens to name,
Taught by the Gods, till syllables sound the same,
And the din called laughter is less, and the consequent shame. . . .
Edens to explore
All through the jungle over the nursery floor,
Impeded by blocks and books, till a thunderclap
Of dire necessity lifts one to nurse's lap. . . .

Dark, and then lovely light;
Between the shutters of night
Dazzling, absorbing days,
Yet always somnolent haze
Over phase on phase
Of busiest idling, of extortionate seeing
Of the being not yet being. . . .

At last, a Spell
Coaxed from each fumbled and tumbled syllable,
Compelling the Gods on high
More surely than a cry
Or a fist that waves at a fly or a star in the sky—
Words that stammer in sequence, mortality's "*I am I!*"

## *Charming Light Verse*

SYCAMORE SQUARE AND OTHER VERSES. By JAN STRUTHER. Illustrated by ERNEST H. SHEPARD. New York: Oxford University Press. 1932. $1.25.

*PUNCH*, the English humorous weekly, has long been famous for its light verse. The names of Sir Owen Seaman, A. A. Milne, A. P. Herbert, and "Evoe" immediately occur to the mind. Since his earlier years on *Punch*, A. A. Milne has succeeded notably with his Christopher Robin, and now we greet another assiduous contributor to *Punch* of verse for children of all ages.

"Sycamore Square" is a collection of the work of Jan Struther, whose illustrator has been the Ernest Shepard so well-known in connection with the verses of Mr. Milne, and long ere that in his own right. Struther and Shepard together have made a wholly charming book out of their former *Punch* contributions. One unique feature, quite up to the minute in telephonics, is the section called "Dialling Tones," an excellent idea for verse. In London, it seems, you dial the first three letters of the exchange, rather than an exchange number and two letters, as now with us. But the poet takes into consideration the whole exchange-name, for the things it suggests to him; and names like "Frobisher," "Gulliver," "Shepherd's Bush" are full of poetic suggestion.

In the first section, dealing with "Sycamore Square" itself, we are told of the milk ponies, the cats, the pigeons, the childrens' cycling club, the pavement artist, the street musicians with their barrel-organ. And of course there's the muffin man, too, and the flower woman, and the bobby. The third section of the book contains graceful miscellaneous verses. Children will like the first section best; the third may prove too adult for them. In between, certain of the "Dialling Tones" may please them. But Ernest H. Shepard's pictures should charm them throughout. As for us older people, we welcome the new combination of Struther and Shepard to the world of polite letters. It is a fortunate alliance.

## *Struwelpeter Lives*

By PHILIP HOFER

THE Spencer Collection of the New York Public Library has recently acquired a very remarkable book with which many readers of the *Saturday Review* are doubtless familiar—only probably few, if any, have ever seen it in its original state: the excessively rare first edition! Here it is entitled, "Lustige Geschichten und Drollige Bilder — für Kinder von 3-6 Jahren" instead of "Struwelpeter" or "Slovenly Peter," as we know it so well today, the direct, unblushing ancestor of the comic strips in the Sunday newspapers. It marked a new era in the writing of children's books.

What did Dr. Heinrich Hoffmann, the author and illustrator, a busy general practitioner living near Frankfurt-am-Main, Germany, find on the bookstore shelves one Christmas time in 1844, when he went to buy a book for his son, three years old? Only long moral tales about good little children filled with admonitions and platitudes! This is what children of that day had to read.

He was disgusted and refused to buy any of them. In this attitude of mind he sat down with a blank book, the day before Christmas, 1844, and gave his imagination full play. He did not write about insipid good children, but about most vital and wicked young sinners. "Cruel Frederick," who not only

*Killed the birds and broke the chairs*
*And threw the kitten down the stairs"*

but also

*Caught the flies, poor little things,*
*And one by one tore off their wings.*

He wrote and drew the story of the "Inky Boys." Can anyone who has ever seen it, forget the almost naked little negro with his ridiculous pink underdrawers, and his green sun-shade over his head, marching down the street pursued by the jeering Kasper, Ludwig, and Wilhelm? Then "Great Nicholas," the "Bogey Man," if ever there was one, came with his huge inkwell, sending shivers down the reader's back, and dipped each young bully in turn.

The effect upon the three-year-old boy was just what his father expected, but the Doctor was amazed when his own "grown up" friends demanded that he have the manuscript printed and published. He withstood them for a while, but shortly before the following Christmas he gave in, and a first edition of some 1,500 copies appeared on public sale.

It is one of these copies, in its original binding, uncut and undamaged, but obviously a little rubbed and worn, in which the Library takes such pride. A sober, almost shabby book, really—but one of the only four known complete copies left in the world today. The rest of that edition—and probably over ninety percent of the more than five hundred subsequent editions have been simply thumbed out of existence by child readers!

There is the proof of its real greatness which any thoughtful person will admit. The first edition of "Alice in Wonderland" whose reputation, deservedly, is so very great in the English-speaking world, is by no means so rare; because, I contend it is not appreciated to its full by children, but rather by their parents.

The success of "Struwelpeter," with its naïve but strangely direct pictures, was immediate and extraordinary. It is estimated that several million copies, with various covers, and rather more sophisticated copies of the first illustrations, have been issued, in a dozen countries, and even more languages. Is it not extraordinary, then, that Dr. Hoffmann did not capitalize further his success and write other children's books? But he did not. Indeed, ten years were to pass before even another German produced a worthy successor: Wilhelm Busch's "Max und Moritz."

But the revolution had been wrought, and year after year, more natural, normal stories for children appeared in every country.

There is to be a remarkable comprehensive exhibition of children's books, this coming March (1933), at the New York Public Library with the collaboration of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Somehow I believe the visitor will be able to find this simple little quarto amongst its many more brilliant neighbors there. It will stand out. Certainly those who had the book as children, will gather there, and wonder why they never thought to preserve the copy they read—so many years ago!

WILHELM BUSCH.

## *An Old Friend*

MAX AND MORITZ. By WILHELM BUSCH. Translated by CHRISTOPHER MORLEY. Illustrated by JAY. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1932. $1.75.

Reviewed by HENDRICK VAN LOON

THIS is not a review. It is a Question, but before the House that Literature built. And the question, reduced to the irreducible minimum, reads as follows: "Can It Be Done?"

I myself feel that it cannot be done, but it is difficult for me to say so. I would not for the life of me hurt the feelings of the excellent Jay for, all things considered, she has done an honest and true piece of work. But she tried to do the impossible. Or rather, the publisher probably talked her into trying to do the impossible. And Chris Morley, in a moment of weakness, allowed himself to be persuaded that the boys and girls of today needed pictures that should be more understandable to them than the originals of Wilhelm the Blessed.

Of course, people not brought up according to the Gospel of the Great Sage Wiedensahl will hardly know where to speak. The pictures are very nice and the text is as faithfully done as the pictures. Why these violent shudders at something that is merely a part of our modern ideal of progress? Why rebel against the inevitable? *Tempora mutantur* and so do our illustrations and more words to that effect. Very well, if you want the answer, I will give it to you.

Busch has gone to his ultimate reward. He is spending his happy days smoking interminable self-rolled cigarettes and drawing funny pictures for the little angels on the backs of old envelopes. But Busch was more than a mere illustrator. He was a writer of extraordinary ability and a philosopher for whom I would gladly swap the assembled faculties of all our assembled schools of Philosophy. He was all those things in one. *Incredibile ergo verum.* When I get to Heaven I shall feel deeply flattered and honored if once in a while I may be allowed to sharpen one of the old gentleman's pencils.

No, this is no rhetorical exaggeration, writ with a becoming blush of modesty. It is a plain statement of fact. Just as I feel firmly convinced that once in a while he will give me one of his originals and that he will address me as Lieber Kollege. For we both belong to the extremely small guild of those who think simultaneously in words and in lines. And the members of the Guild know that their pictures and their text belong together. That they are an integral part of each other and that mutilation of the one means mutilation of the whole, and their request to posterity is, "Translate our text into every tongue of the Tower of Babel but do not try to translate what is already writ in the universal language of lines, for the moment you try to do this you disfigure us beyond the hope of recovery and better be dead and decently buried than maimed for life."

I hate to say this for I have a very sincere admiration for the work of Jay. The blame lies entirely with the publishers. They should have asked her to decorate a Sistine Chapel of her own. When they persuaded her to modify Michelangelo's paintings so as to make them "a little more familiar to the American public," they committed what was not so much an act of sacrilege as an act of bad taste.

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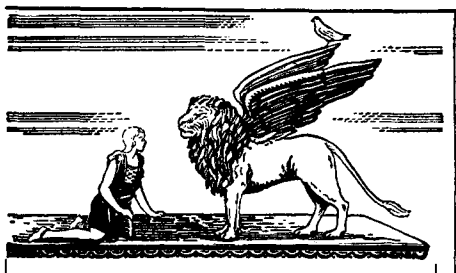

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BOSTON TRANSCRIPT

LOUIS UNTERMEYER'S

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# *The Gossip Shop*

By RACHEL FIELD

BECAUSE we lingered on the coast of Maine till after the Equinoctial storm was over and the shore path had dried off, and then a fortnight longer because there were so many marigolds and butternuts in Connecticut, we missed the celebration that Anne Carroll Moore gave in several of the library children's rooms in honor of Leslie Brooke's 70th birthday the 24th of September. But we heard all about it and had an opportunity to see some of the Brooke original illustrations for "A Roundabout Turn" and other of his well-loved picture books.

Once we attended one of Miss Moore's library parties celebrating the April birthday of Hans Christian Andersen, and this reminds us that a book we want soon to lay hands on is "The Ugly Duckling," a biography of our favorite tale-spinner by Isabel Proudfit (McBride, $2.50).

We pressed Helen Dean Fish to tell us in detail about the new Hugh Lofting, "Gub-Gub's Book" (Stokes, $2), with his usual droll illustrations, but instead she sent up a copy. Do you, reader, remember Gub-Gub, the pig who was going to write the history of food in twenty volumes? Well, owing to the high cost of living, it turned out to be only one, which is so much more convenient to handle! We liked Gub-Gub's philosophy, being partial to food ourselves, and we envied his degree, D.S.D., after his name, which turned out to mean "Doctor of Salad Dressing." From the same company came "Pappy King" by Annie Weaver (Stokes, $1.50), with the background of Alabama plantation life that made "Frawg" and "Boochy's Wings" such appealing small boks last season and the one before. "Arabella and her Aunts," written and illustrated by the indefatigable Lois Lenski (Stokes, $1), is a gay and pleasant contribution to books for somewhat younger readers. It tells of a four-year-old little girl and her visit to her four aunts. Personally we think aunts have never had quite their due in literature. We are glad to see them coming into their own.

Also, we think chairs, as institutions and individuals, are worthy of more praise than they have been given. We are pleased to note two titles of books in which they play an important part. One is "The Little Red Rocking Chair," by Marian Walker (Macmillan, $2), and the other "Relief's Rocker," by Alice Dalgliesh (Macmillan, $1.75). The latter we have found particularly appealing with its altogether natural and unforced story of two children in a Nova Scotia sea-town. Here again is the background that Miss Dalgliesh handled so delightfully in "The Blue Teapot and Other Sandy Cove Stories" last year, and here is a salty tang and talk that is real talk, and a little painted rocker that played a strange part in the mysterious return of a sea-faring uncle. We particularly like the illustrations by Hildegard Woodward, who brings refreshing spirit and simplicity to her studies of country children on a northern coast.

From Bertha Gunterman of Longmans, Green we hear fine things of the new book by Ella Young, "The Unicorn with Silver Shoes" (Longmans, Green, $2), with illustrations from the imaginative pen of Robert Lawson. We can think of almost no one (except Walter de la Mare, Dorothy P. Lathrop, or Laura Benét) but Miss Young, who possesses the magic qualifications necessary to deal with unicorns, for they are fabulous beasts with a deadly aversion to the smell of pen and ink.

For some years now we have been saying to ourselves that we would like to write a book about a music box. Not just an ordinary one, but the sort with castles and moats and trains and bridges and boats that toss on waves and little figures that really move when the tunes begin to play. Well, we can put the idea right out of our mind now because Clare Leighton, the English woodcut artist, has gone and done it. Hers is called "The Musical Box" (Longmans, Green, $2), and it appears to be about just such a toy. Her pictures are in vigorous black and white, and she has also done a simple, running text to accompany them.

For sheer fun and charm we nominate Margery Williams Bianco's "Street of Little Shops" (Doubleday, Doran, $1.50), a book of stories about the stores of a small town that would have warmed the cockles of Hans Andersen's heart and yet is American enough to satisfy even Carl Sandburg himself. Here one may find intimate revelations concerning the private lives and doings of such nationally known characters as "Mr. A. and Mr. P," "The Cigar Store Indian," and others. Our special favorite is about the old-fashioned lady milliner, who, despairing at the popularity of tailored hats, turned her skill to

THE MORAL
Now you know the sort of thing
That will befall a little Town
If you forget to pull the String
Or let the Box come tumbling down.
Even the heavenly Stars may fail
And Lilies sulk beneath the ground.
Learn then the Moral of this Tale:
'TIS MUSIC MAKES THE WORLD GO ROUND!
ILLUSTRATION BY CLAIRE LEIGHTON FOR "THE MUSICAL BOX."

trimming hats for horses. The book is fittingly dedicated to Lorenzo, the author's small grandson, and Pamela Bianco's five month's old baby.

The other afternoon we had a few minutes with Mary Gould Davis, lately returned from a summer in Italy where she collected more stories to tell her library audiences. She hinted darkly concerning a book of hers evidently brewing while she and Emma Brock, the illustrator, travelled into unfamiliar small Italian hill towns with note and sketch book.

It was with deep regret that we learned May Massee will no longer head the Junior Books Department of Doubleday, Doran. Miss Massee has been one of the pioneers in the juvenile publishing field, and it is due to her ability and discriminating taste that some of the best and most beautifully made and reproduced books have come into existence. C. B. Falls's Alphabet; the Haders' Animal series; the Petershams' story of the Christ Child; Elizabeth MacKinstry's illustrations for "Tales of Laughter"; Arthur Mason's "Wee Men of Ballywhiden," and many more are only a few of the distinguished authors and artists whose work she has been instrumental in handling.

And so to cover our typewriter against backyard dust and to play our newest music box which might be mistaken for the effigy of a snail. The music issues from the lifted shell, and the author of "Floating Island" (Harper's, 1930) brought it to us from Switzerland.

# *Youth of a Genius*

ROMANTIC REBEL: THE STORY OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. By HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE. New York: The Century Company. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

HAWTHORNE'S accomplished granddaughter has written for young readers a story, rather than a biography, of the greatest American novelist. Hawthorne was a skeptic, a brooding artist at a time when New England was sailing on a full tide of transcendental enthusiasm. He was an anti-Puritan at a time when the dour rigors of Puritanism had relaxed into a respectable moralism, but his imagination was stirred by the gloomy grandeurs and secret dramas of the stern past and he made his great successes in writing of the tragedies inherited from that past instead of the comedies of the present. Such a mind is interesting and a career which was in no sense adventurous in action supplies materials for what might be called the adventures of a character in its forming.

Miss Hawthorne has written of Hawthorne's youth as if she were writing a novel of life in the early nineteenth century. The boy Hawthorne is the hero, and the scenes and conversation in which he takes part are handled as freely as if they were fiction. The result is a vivid and interesting narrative of an introspective childhood, and a quite dramatic account of how fame was slowly won. Her method, naturally, is not so well fitted to analyze the later years and Hawthorne's slow decline to melancholy. But this is essentially a story of the youth of genius, and if her treatment of the last half of his life is superficial, it may be regarded as a sequel to the important theme of her book. If young people are to be introduced to the personality of one of our few indubitable great men in literature, this book will serve, but it must not be construed as a substitute for a real biography.

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# Rebellious Days

THE RAILROAD TO FREEDOM. By HILDEGARD HOYT SWIFT. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1932. $2.50.

NO SURRENDER. By EMMA GELDERS STERNE. New York: Duffield & Green. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by G. J. TRENERY

IN the first chapter of the "Railroad to Freedom," Harriet's rebellion over her *scritchy* shirt foreshadows her whole attitude to life. She refuses to bow to circumstances. As she grows to strong, fearless, clear-sighted maturity this quality of rebellion develops in her.

*Let my people go.* That terribly poignant refrain of a forbidden spiritual—"Go Down Moses"—sounds like a trumpet call in Harriet's childish soul. It sounds clearer and louder with every passing year. She escaped from bondage by the Underground Railroad. Very graphically the author describes this truly remarkable way to freedom—made possible by such men as Dr. Theodore Parker, Thomas Garrett, William Still, and many others.

The author skilfully presents her facts. Shorn of embroidery, free from biased enthusiasm or resentment, she shows the actors of that crucial period in a clear, steady light. No tricks of lighting, no deepened shadows, no vague, wistful obscurities here. The facts themselves cast their own shadows. The unexaggerated limning of the characters needs no spotlight to heighten baseness, or nobility.

"No Surrender" is a much slighter sketch of the same war in its effect on the South. With Alabama as the pivot, the author casts in wide circles, bringing fish of all size and shape and color in her net. Unfortunately the fish remain fishlike to the close. They lack warm blood. They remain as aloof and indifferent to readers who approach them, as aquarium fish remain indifferent to those who peer through the glass walls of their tanks.

The book is neither history, nor story, it balances unhappily between the two.

The material is so excellent that it is regrettable the author did not weave it more subtly into a coherent, harmonious whole.

Dorothy Owen's gentle decorations for "No Surrender" have a most convincing atmosphere of old times in the South; as suited to the domestic setting of the book as James Daugherty's bold drawings which embody the fiery passion of Harriet Tubman and her world in "The Railroad to Freedom."

# Sea Adventure

By FOSTER RHEA DULLES

TRACKS ACROSS THE SEA. By ALFRED F. LOOMIS. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1932. $2.

YOU FIGHT FOR TREASURE. By E. A. STACKPOLE. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1932. $2.

GHOSTS OF THE SCARLET FLEET. By Rear-Admiral E. R. G. R. EVANS. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1932. $2.

MR. LOOMIS'S graphic story of a trans-Atlantic yacht race, the first of these three books of adventure and the sea, has so authentic and true a ring that the reader must beware lest his armchair begin to roll and toss, the room sway dizzily about him. For what Mr. Loomis does is to take us aboard the *Seacat,* along with Thad Putnam, and for the next few hours we are at sea. If like Tubby we would at first interpret an order to pay off a halliard in such terms as "to hold this string till you give the word and then let it slip around the clothespin," by the time the *Seacat* is rounding the Lizard we are veteran yachtsmen. Mr. Loomis has the art of studding his book with nautical terms without at all interrupting the fine swing of his story.

He apologizes for his lack of plot but adds that if "Tracks Across the Sea" make you "want to ship in the next ocean race you may consider that you and I have been plotting together." And so we would —if only this chair would steady down a little.

Of quite a different type is "You Fight for Treasure." Here is a thrilling, fast moving narrative of treasure hunting on old Nantucket just after the Revolution, of privateers, of Barbary pirates. For thirteen years Timothy Pinkham's father had been held captive by the Algerines, and the story of how his escape was finally effected and how first the privateers and then the pirates were outwitted is as engrossing and as well told a tale of adventure as any one could wish.

There is more to this book than that, however. Mr. Stackpole knows his background thoroughly and his characters are real and living. His picture of Nantucket; his description of the voyage of the *Bedford,* the first vessel to fly the Stars and Stripes in England, and several other incidents in the first part of his book stamp it as historical fiction of the first order.

No attempt to give an authentic background or any semblance of reality is made in "Ghosts of the Scarlet Fleet." It is a wild Hollywood story of pirates, lost treasure, and sudden death. Dead hands are nailed against the mast, our hero is "spitting" rogues upon his sword on every page, and on a score of incarnadined decks "lie still forms, grotesque in their torn silks and satins."

MOCHA DICK. By J. N. REYNOLDS. New York: Charles Scribner & Sons. 1932. $3.50.

"WHALE OFF!" By EVERETT J. EDWARDS and JEANNETTE EDWARDS RATTRAY. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. 1932. $3.

THE INDIAN OCEAN. By STANLEY ROGERS. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 1932. $2.75.

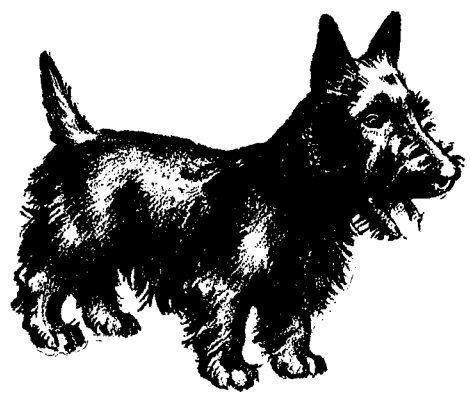
Reviewed by FOSTER RHEA DULLES

IN the days when American whaleships beat their way about Cape Horn and scoured the Pacific from Behring Straits to the New Zealand Coast in zealous pursuit of the great sperm whale, tradition held that off the coast of Chile and Peru periodically cruised an ugly cachalot whose skin was white. Many ships reported seeing him; some claimed to have attacked him. Stories of his prowess were current in every forecastle and many tales told of his strength and ferocity. It was this whale which Herman Melville immortalized in "Moby Dick." It was this whale which another writer of the sea, J. N. Reynolds, made the villain of a short story published twelve years before "Moby Dick" under the title "Mocha Dick: the White Whale of the Pacific." There is no reason to believe that Melville either derived his inspiration or took any material from the earlier tale. The white whale existed; he must often have heard of it. And by the whalemen who told the saga of this whale's exploits, he was known both as Moby Dick and Mocha Dick.

It is the account of final capture of Mocha Dick as told by J. N. Reynolds which is reprinted, with admirable illustrations, in the first of the books here under review. It is a short, vivid, and entirely authentic description of a whale chase in which all the excitement of these thrilling encounters with Leviathan is dramatically brought out. So the story might have been told in a hundred forecastles a century ago and for a brief hour the reader is carried back to those glamorous days when Pacific whaling was at its peak. Anyone interested in the sea and in whaling will want both to read and own this attractive reprint.

"Whale Off!" is an account of a quite different phase of whaling which has been largely neglected by the historians of New Bedford and Nantucket. The authors of this book describe the shore whaling off the coast of Long Island which was intermittently pursued for two centuries. Mrs. Rattray, who contributes the second part of the book, gives an interesting résumé of this method of capturing whales in the colonial period drawn from the old records of Easthampton and Southampton; Mr. Edwards relates his own and his father's experiences putting out from Amagansett until as late as 1918.

There is no whaling in Mr. Rogers' story of the Indian Ocean. There might have been. The deep-sea whalers scoured the Indian Ocean in their pursuit of Leviathan and killed right whales and humpbacks off the shores of most of its islands. What this book gives us is a series of stories of the early voyagers around the Cape of Good Hope, of the Indiamen sent out by the Honorable John Company, of pirates and shipwrecks, and finally of war days and the exploits of the Emden. There is good material here but it is handled uninspiringly. We miss the flavor of the sea, the details which would bring the stories to life, the sense of reality. "The Indian Ocean" is a disappointing book in that quotations from the old records on which it is based could have made it much more absorbing.

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## Beginning to Read

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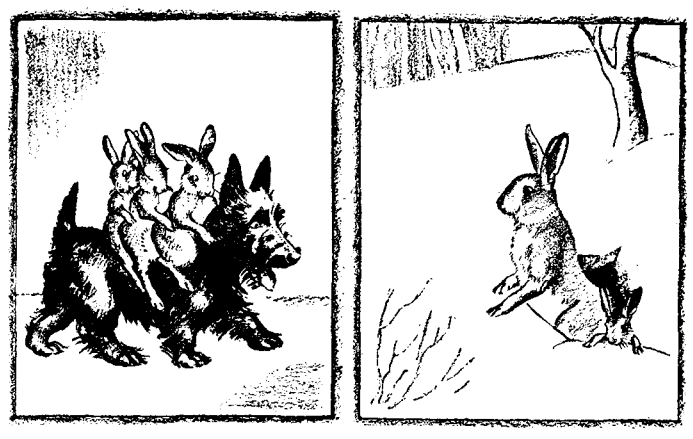

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## *From Scandinavia*

OLA. By INGRI and EDGAR PARIN D'AULAIRE. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1932. $2.

PEIK. By BARBRA RING. Translated from the Norwegian by LORENCE MUNSON WOODSIDE. With illustrations by ROBERT LAWSON. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1932. $2.

CHILDREN OF THE SOIL; A STORY OF SCANDINAVIA. By NORA BURGLON. Illustrated by E. PARIN D'AULAIRE. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1932. $2.

INGRID'S HOLIDAYS. By SIGNE LINDEGREN. Translated from the Swedish by CAROLINE SCHLEEF. Illustrated by VERA NEVILLE. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1932. $1.75.

SUNNY HILL; A NORWEGIAN IDYLL. By BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON. Translated from SYNNÖVE SOLBAKKEN. Introduction by ANNIE S. CUTTER. Illustrated by JOHAN BULL. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1932. $1.75.

Reviewed by ANNA C. REQUE

The American Scandinavian Foundation

A RATHER tenuous thread, a common Scandinavian background ties these books together, so perhaps they may be arranged according to the readers' ages, beginning with a book for the very young and ending with a classic that in reality is not at all a book for children but a story for grown ups, although it is read in Norwegian high schools as "The Vicar of Wakefield" in our own.

"Ola" is a fascinating picture book of Norway for little children, but since it is reviewed elsewhere in these pages we shall pass it over with this mention.

For a generation Barbara Ring's "Peik" has been a great favorite in the Scandinavian countries. The author is a prolific and widely read Norwegian novelist who has also written a dozen or more books for children. Only one of these, "The Tomboy Cousin," has earlier appeared in English translation. Orphaned at seven, Peik travels from a little seacoast village to live with an aged bachelor uncle in Oslo. Previously the lonely child has found comfort in his friendship with a kind but uncouth cab-driver, whom he admires extravagantly and copies faithfully in speech and deportment. The results are downright startling as they reveal themselves at every turn to the staid professor, who nevertheless soon becomes very fond of the honest, affectionate, and irrepressible youngster. Their adventures together, culminating in a trip abroad to Aunt Ada in Germany, are set down with humor and understanding.

In "Children of the Soil," Nicolina and Guldklumpen lure a *tomte,* a little elf man, to their stony crofter's farm by offering him a cozy home alongside the goat house, and as they had fully expected, prosperity follows his coming. It is mostly of their own making, for children never worked harder or showed more good sense in going about their affairs, under the guidance of a wise mother. It is a well told tale of country life, by no means drab, but lightened with constant humorous touches and happy incidents. The author could more definitely have entitled her book a story of Sweden rather than Scandinavia, for she has laid her scene in Sweden's Norrland, and the native words she uses and the manners and customs entering into the story are all Swedish.

"Ingrid's Holidays" tells of what happened when sixteen-year-old Ingrid Burman is unexpectedly thrown on her own resources one summer. At the beginning of the long vacation her mother goes to a cure abroad, her relatives close their house, and Hilma, the maid, her last resort, is called away from Stockholm by a family crisis. Suddenly left penniless, Ingrid begins a vain search for work. She finally gets a job in a cotton factory and a new life opens up before her. The author has drawn on her own experience in writing of factories. An easy and smooth translation has been made by Miss Schleef. Girls of twelve and older will enjoy this story of life from two angles in Sweden's delightful capital.

"Sunny Hill," or "Synnöve Solbakken" as it is called in the Norwegian original, and also in earlier English translations, was the first of Björnson's novels dealing with peasant life in Norway. This love idyll, told with great directness and simplicity, was written when the author was twenty-five years old, seventy-five years ago, for this year marks the centenary of the great poet and national leader. "Sunny Hill" is conceded to be one of his greatest novels and is read in every home in Norway. This year a new inexpensive edition of Björnson's complete works is being published in his native country, and here the new editions of "Sunny Hill" and "A Happy Boy" in Macmillan's "Green and Blue Library" are appearing at a fitting time. The illustrations for "Sunny Hill" by Johan Bull are singularly appropriate and beautiful compositions. They testify to his intimate knowledge of Norway.

## *Gemütlichkeit*

THE BIRD BEGAN TO SING. By RACHEL FIELD. Illustrated by ILSE BISCHOFF. New York: William Morrow & Company. 1932. $1.75.

RUDI OF THE TOLL GATE. By HELEN HILL and VIOLET MAXWELL. Illustrated by the authors. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1932. $1.75.

MARTIN THE GOOSE BOY. By MARIE BARRINGER. Illustrated by MAUD and MISKA PETERSHAM. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1932. $2.

SPERLI THE CLOCKMAKER. By DAISY NEUMANN. Illustrated by EDWARD THORNE THOMPSON. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1932. $2.

THE HAY VILLAGE CHILDREN. By JOSEPHINE SIEBE. Translated by FRANCES JENKINS OLCOTT. Illustrated by KARL SCHMAUK. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1932. $2.

Reviewed by ALBERTA WILLIAMS

CUCKOO clocks, musical toys, sausages, dachshunds, the Schwarzwald, festive celebrations of Christmas in the German manner, and a general air of *Gemütlichkeit* are the irresistible charms of these juvenile books, all five of which are German, although four of them are written by American authors and the scene of one of the stories is New York,—but, appropriately, a block of New York which is pleasantly flavored with *Kümmel* and *Marzipan.*

"The Bird Began to Sing" is quite German, although it is the story whose action takes place in New York. But the block used as its setting contains Frau Else's grocery store, and Tilda, Aunt Mattie, Grandpa Schultz, Frau Else, Frau Else's Jakey, and Pretzel, a dachshund exhibiting admirable qualities, are the principal characters in the short tale. Grandpa Schultz is carving a toy bird for Jakey's Christmas present, and it is around Grandpa's efforts to make the bird sing and Tilda's adventure encountered in her unbounded coöperation with Grandpa Schultz in his difficult task that the plot hinges. Miss Field's story is simple and charming, and Ilse Bischoff's dachshunds, sausages, people, and Christmas trees are something that neither adult nor child should be called upon to deny himself.

"Rudi of the Toll Gate" tells the interesting adventures of a German six-year-old boy who is so fortunate as to be living in the gate tower of an old south German town. Each chapter narrates completely some quite separate and distinct incident in the sixth year of Rudi's life, and his trip to the Nürnberg toy fair is about the next best thing to going oneself.

Martin, a toy goose boy who lives in Gustel's pocket, plays a noble part in seeing to it that Gustel's grandfather is not cheated out of the prize for making the most remarkable clock exhibited at the Black Forest Clock Fair in the book "Martin the Goose Boy." Sympathetic and intelligent illustrations by Maud and Miska Petersham add greatly to the attractiveness of this book.

The story of "Sperli the Clockmaker" tells how Sperli gave away his clock into which he had painstakingly put all the lovely music of the Schwarzwald. The author of this story is a musician, and she has worked out melodies and tunes from the Black Forest and includes them in her book. Any child who can read the simplest music notes at all will enjoy hunting out on the piano the tunes that Sperli sang, and the songs of the crow, the cuckoo, and even the music of the beams in Sperli's house. Sperli's riddles, however, are not so fresh and entertaining as his music.

"The Hay Village Children" is smoothly and idiomatically translated by Frances Jenkins Olcott from the German "Oberheudorfer Buben- und Mädelgeschichten," by Josephine Siebe, who is well known in Germany as a writer of juvenile books. The humor of this story is not without its barb, and it is to be wondered if American children will find the unhappy adventure of Heine Peterle on his first trip to the city as highly amusing as it was to the grown-up Thuringians who greeted Heine upon his return to Hay Village. The book has its delightful spots, but one feels more sympathetic than amused at some of the anecdotes in which the author apparently sees no sting.

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# The New Books

**The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received.**

## Fiction

GIVE US HEROES. By DAVID CORT. Live-right. 1932. $2.50.

On his death-bed, Adam, the central figure of this study, "saw that the mind of man, his own mind, did not stagger under the awful, but under the complex. Consciousness must always seek one masterword, whether true or false made no difference at all, with which to push away and disarm the complexity of the universe and, more terribly, of itself—an abiding complexity of which it remained always nevertheless inescapably aware." That is the central thesis which Mr. Cort asserts in a variety of forms and illustrates in seven phases, or periods, of the life story of Adam whom he carries from young manhood to old age. He makes an interesting job of it, on the whole. The study contains much acute psychological analysis and some subtle explanations of why human beings act—and misbehave—as they do.

There is one curious omission of a fundamental element in any such psychological study: he says nothing whatever of Adam's childhood or adolescence, and all the other seven chief figures come on the stage as full grown adult personalities. This leaves out an important factor in their make-up. The book remains, however, as one of the characters puts it, "a highly stimulating exercise, a sort of psychoanalytical hare and hounds, endlessly diversified."

Adam's quest begins with hero worship, and more or less continues along that line, shifting its object and passing from one to another of the seven persons, two women and five men, to whom he attaches himself, successively. There is an abundance of action, not a little of it savagely dramatic—this is not a book for the squeamish reader—and each of the separable episodes contains enough raw material for a volume in itself. The thing is planned on a grandiose scale, but well sustained. Unfortunately, however, several of the people, including both women and two of the men, require a good deal of believing, and sometimes approach the grotesque. They are rather incarnations of an idea than observed and humanly convincing personalities. But there is enough good, sound stuff in the book to lead one to expect that Mr. Cort may go far as a novelist.

LAUGHTER IN HELL. By JIM TULLY. Albert & Charles Boni. 1932. $2.50.

It will surprise no one to find that the hero of a story by Jim Tully is six feet five inches tall and "solid as stone." He would be. As he is also a lovable, simple-hearted Irishman, one knows that he is going to have a desperately hard time of it and that he will come to a tragic end. He does. He marries a woman of the sort whose function it is to create "laughter in hell," and in due time the naturally gentle Barney finds it necessary to kill her and her lover, although he probably would not have done it if he had not been full of brandy. He escapes hanging but is sent to the chain gang for life. One suspects that it is this chain gang existence which impelled Tully to write the story, for the real meat of the book is in these chapters.

As a whole it is a somewhat naïve conception, with no pretense of sublety. But it is so honestly felt that it holds the reader's interest and sympathy. The emotion of the author is a driving force that makes the story well worth while.

FORGIVE US OUR TRESPASSES. By LLOYD C. DOUGLAS. Houghton Mifflin. 1932. $2.50.

The novel which sets out to demonstrate a thesis, intending, definitely, to end in a Q. E. D., is apt to be disappointing, even when it is so very well done as this is. One danger is that the puppets of the play may have to be forced to actions and emotions that seem unnatural and out of character. The author is too patently pulling the strings. That happens, to some extent, in the later chapters of Mr. Douglas's otherwise admirable study of the conversion of an embittered young cynic to a belief in the magic power of forgiveness, combined with a touch of mildly mystic communion with an undefined Deity. It is managed with skill enough to lead the reader to agree, for the sake of the argument, that it may be possible: but the agreement is for that reason only and therefore leaves one cold. It is the more disappointing because the actors are, otherwise, so brilliantly and convincingly animated. It is only at the crisis that some of them turn into the *x*'s and *y*'s of an equation which is to be solved. The narrative covers the ancestral background and the life up to the late twenties of a child born unhappily into a hostile environment and equipped with the soul of a rebel. Mr. Douglas takes his calling as a novelist with seriousness. "What a heavy responsibility," the girl says to the cynical hero, "rests upon the shoulders of the story-writer. . . . Can't you think of some better destination for these people of yours, who are sure to be trailed by a nondescript army of admirers, than this degrading wallow you've planned for them?" To which he replies that he'd "rather draw honest pictures of life as it is, no matter how ugly, than to (*sic*) paint frescoes of the heavenly host." The answer, of course, lies between the extremes: an ancient truism worthy of consideration by tomorrow's novelists.

THE CAUTIOUS AMORIST. By NORMAN LINDSAY. Farrar & Rinehart. 1932. $2.50.

Ever since the days of the experienced Odysseus, to be cast away upon an island has been the acme of adventure. Of the two varieties of available islands the uninhabited kind is preferable, provided the ship's company is well chosen. Mr. Lindsay has picked his castaways most felicitously: a saturnine young Australian journalist of frustrate ambition, a genial, middle-aged Irish stoker who admits that he is still "a fine figure of a man," the Reverend Fletcher Gibble who has the instincts of a "wowser,"—and the lady, Miss Sadie Patch, who, fortunately, is a robust young woman of great determination. The island assigned to this quartet is a small one in the South Pacific, of limited, but adequate, accommodations.

Out of these ingredients Mr. Lindsay has built an altogether delectable entertainment, quite unlike any of its numerous predecessors in island adventure. Fundamentally it is social satire, ranging from sardonic irony to farce, carried through with a firm but delicate touch, nowhere approaching the commonplace. As narrative it moves smoothly and rapidly; an admirable piece of literary construction, well proportioned and rising to an impeccably worked out climax. In fact, the reader does not get the full flavor of the jest until the very end.

It will not do to betray the action of such a tale or even to indicate which of the four is the "cautious amorist," beyond noting that the complications are such as might be expected from the juxtaposition of three men and one vigorous young woman under conditions favorable to the play of "primitive instincts." It may be added that, following the classic precedent of the "Æneid," it takes a violent storm and a handy cave to bring about a crisis: *Dido et dux Trojanus . . . speluncam eandem.* But the subsequent "didoes" have no precedent, either classic or modern.

## Juvenile

ADVENTURES OF PERINE (EN FAMILLE). By *Hector Malet.* Translated by *Gil Meynier.* Rand McNally.

THOSE CARTWRIGHT TWINS. By *Phillis Garrard.* Appleton. $2.

HERO OF THE CAMP. By *Ralph Henry Barbour.* Appleton. $2.

NAYKA. By *Johanna R. M. Lyback.* Abingdon. $1.

CHILDREN'S CHEERFUL CHERUB. By *Rebecca McCann.* Selected by *Mary Graham Bonner.* Covici-Friede. 60 cents.

THE BOY KING OF THE CANNIBAL ISLANDS. By *C. A. F. Decorion.* Bobbs-Merrill. $2.50.

## Miscellaneous

THE "BROTHERS" OF MADAME BLAVATSKY. By *Mary K. Neff.* Adyar, India: Theosophical Publishing House.

THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA. By *Friedrich Nietzsche.* London: Allen & Unwin.

CATHOLCITY. By *Herbert H. Kelly.* Macmillan. $1.50.


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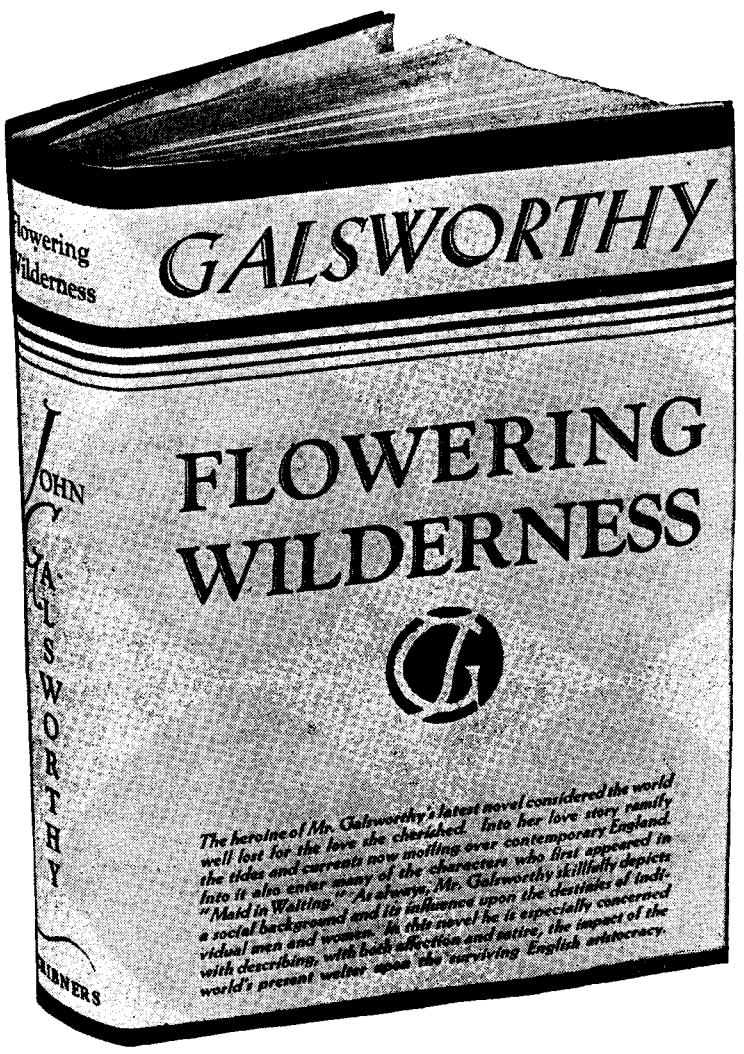


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MARY AUSTIN.

# Points of View

## An Alcott Bibliography

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

The pleasure that I take in being able, finally, to inform you that a bibliography of Louisa May Alcott has been prepared and will soon make its appearance is marred only by regret that the uncertainty of various details concerning this volume made it inadvisable to inform you in time to forestall your deprecation of the lack of such a bibliography for the Alcott Centenary, as noted in the Compleat Collector department.

You realize how difficult it is to hurry along a task of this nature, but Miss Lucile Gulliver, head of our Children's Book Department, after working ardously on it since early this year, has completed it, and the first proofs are now being revised.

It will be published on November 18th, the first printing totaling 500 copies from type. The cover will read "Louisa May Alcott: A Bibliography," and the title page, "Louisa May Alcott A Bibliography Compiled by Lucile Gulliver. With an Appreciation by Cornelia Meigs."

Are we correct in believing that this bibliography will be rare among other modern ones in that the "human interest" details behind each book have been dug up by Miss Gulliver, and are presented? Such details include relevant excerpts from Miss Alcott's journals. Many of the facts are discoveries, such as the reason for publishing "Nelly's Hospital," which is often considered rather trivial today. Most of these facts have value for the bibliophile.

I take it that you have underestimated the extent of the Alcott Centenary observance; at the same time I realize that, owing to its character, you could have had no means of learning how widespread the observance will be.

It is true that the Carroll Centenary was more imposingly celebrated (and the event deserved all the honor it could have received). Recognizing this, may I point out that it is unlikely that the Carroll Centenary was observed in schools and libraries throughout the United States to the degree that is indicated for the Alcott Centenary by the extraordinary response which our announcement has evoked?

The explanation, as I see it, is that while the appeal of Lewis Carroll is essentially to the imagination and the intellect, Louisa Alcott's appeal (verified over and over again in our experience) is primarily to the heart and the emotions, with an inspirational quality as well.

Beginning months ago, we have been supplying information and material to anywhere from half-a-dozen to a dozen schools and libraries daily, from every state in the Union, all of whom are working on Alcott exhibits. This, in addition to an unreckoned number of bookstores. These exhibits range from simple exhibits of portraits of Miss Alcott and jackets of two or three of her books, to "birthday parties," with birthday cakes bearing candles to be lighted by children in the costumes of foreign lands in which Alcott books have been published.

Chief among these exhibits is one to which the Boston Public Library is devoting its main exhibit room, November 7th to December 5th. Miss Gulliver has been collecting all editions for a year in anticipation of this event, not only of American and English, but also of all languages. In addition there will be a quantity of Alcott "personalia," as well as scenes from, and broadsides of, dramatic presentations. It is an exhibit that should be worth a visit to Boston by any confirmed bibliophile.

F. M. CLOUTER.
Boston, Mass. Little, Brown & Co.

## Mabel Loomis Todd

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir: The useful, colorful, magnetic life of Mrs. Mabel Loomis Todd ended suddenly October 14th. Up to the last moment she had been busily engaged in closing for the season her summer home on her forest-covered island in Muscongus Bay on the Maine coast, off Pemaquid. A man who was helping her asked if there was anything more he could do. "Yes," she laughingly replied, "more than a million things." "A rather large order," he said, "but I will begin and we'll finish them somehow." A few moments later she fell to the floor: her earthly work was done.

She was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, the daughter of Eben J. Loomis, a well-known astronomer. Her mother, a direct descendent of John Alden, was Mary Alden Wilder. She was educated in private schools in Cambridge and in Washington, and in March, 1879, was married to David Todd, Professor of Astronomy at Amherst College. She immediately entered into the intellectual and artistic life of the town and college with all the eager zeal of her buoyant nature. She was young and beautiful, a fine pianist and singer. Her house became the center of a generous hospitality. It was filled with precious souvenirs of her visits to foreign lands.

Mrs. Todd accompanied her husband on his distant voyages to observe total eclipses of the sun: to Japan twice, to Tripoli in Barbary, around the world to the Dutch East Indies, Siam, and the Philippines, and in 1914 to Russia; also to Chile in 1907 for observation of the opposition of Mars. Her unusual power of taking vivid impressions, her interest in all phases of life, her tireless energy and memory of the picturesque and beautiful enabled her to accumulate a unique store of knowledge and of varied experiences. These she embodied in articles and in books as well as in her lectures. Her most popular travel books are "Corona and Coronet" (1898) and "Tripoli the Mysterious" (1912). Her treatise entitled "Total Eclipses of the Sun" (1884) and her revised edition of Steele's "Popular Astronomy" (1899) became standard text-books. She was for many years in eager request for lectures in all parts of the country. But who can describe her clear, faultless diction and her charming animation? After one speaking trip, having spent ten successive nights in sleeping cars, she returned to Amherst, attended a large dinner, and then finding a letter requesting an immediate article, she sat up all night to write it, and the next day showed no sign of weariness. Hers was an indefatigable energy.

With all her scientific interests, Mrs. Todd continued to cultivate her gifts as a painter and a poet. In 1896 she published "A Cycle of Sonnets" which was flatteringly received.

But her most distinctive service to literature was in connection with the poems and letters of her friend and neighbor, Emily Dickinson. Mrs. Todd spent many years in the laborious task of copying the vast mass of lyrics left by that eerie and enigmatic genius. The copying involved editing as well. And for this reason. A problem presented itself in the obscure and sometimes almost undecipherable interlineations and alternative readings indicated in footnotes. This difficult task Mrs. Todd performed so deftly that the reader does not question her editorship. The poems seem inevitable as they stand. Lovers of Emily Dickinson do not forget, however, that it is to Mrs. Todd that they owe many of the best known poems in their present form.

In preparing for publication the First and Second Series of the "Poems," Mrs. Todd had the assistance not only of Miss Dickinson's brother, William Austin, and sister, Lavinia, who asked her to undertake the work, but also of Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, who was, in a way, the poet's mentor. Later many more poems were found and included in the Third Series, which Mrs. Todd edited without the help of Colonel Higginson. She, alone, also edited the quaint and unique letters that Emily Dickinson sent to her friends. Mrs. Todd's biographical prefaces to these volumes are authentic, accurate, and fascinating. A new and enlarged edition of the "Letters" was issued in 1931. She had the satisfaction of living to see these productions, at first often flouted by conventional critics, gradually recognized as the work of the most original and imaginative poet of our day.

One might write much of Mabel Loomis Todd's engaging personality, gracious and graceful, beautiful in her lack of self-consciousness, in her winsome ways. Few women have touched so many lives: students at college, hosts of listeners who sat enthralled as she told of her travels. There was no subject that she did not transform into vivid pictures, always with the accuracy of a scientific as well as a poetic mind. It seems incredible that this ever youthful and vivacious spirit should have passed from our midst. But her memory will live.

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

The review published in your columns of a critical book about the Discoverer and Founder of Christian Science, Mary Baker Eddy, may be misleading in some respects.

The person chiefly responsible for this book acknowledges having received benefit in health from Christian Science, and later he was a member of the Christian Science Board of Directors, the governing board of the Christian Science Mother Church organization. He was removed from this Board, and upon his contesting the action, the Supreme Court of Massachusetts upheld his removal. Subsequently, he has opposed the religion of Christian Science and criticized Mrs. Eddy.

Christian Science now extends throughout the world, and it is safe to say that a great many of the readers of your *Review* either have actually received benefit from the teaching of Mary Baker Eddy or are acquainted with those who have benefited by this teaching. A test laid down by the Master two thousand years ago is to be considered: "Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them" (Matthew 7:20).

The book is obviously not an impartial and unbiased biography.

ORWELL BRADLEY TOWNE,
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# The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER c/o *The Saturday Review*. As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

*Deeply interested in "Humor of the Hour," L. R., Sidney, Ohio, asks for the best books of humor, both prose and poetry, that have been published since the depression.*

JUDGING by its effect on me, the funniest book since the Great Slump would be "Ho hum" (Farrar & Rinehart), a collection of "newsbreaks" from the *New Yorker*. I think of it with a reminiscent ache. My ribs still remember it. I bought it on the way to luncheon on the Pennsylvania roof, unwisely opened it at the table, and why we were not put out for disturbing the peace I don't know. The only book I have found funnier during this period is "1066 and All That" (Dutton), a history of England composed only of what a desultory and somewhat muddled mind can remember without the least effort—but I infer that this call is for American humor. I do find, however, that I can continue to laugh at "1066" on the tenth reading, and this is something one can say for few funny books.

Eddie Cantor met the crisis with a smile; his "Yoo-hoo, Prosperity" (Simon & Schuster) should be remembered for his remarks on saving for a rainy day, but his "Your Next President" (Long & Smith) has to stand competition with the unconscious humor of the year's campaigns. These have been years of widespread popularity for schoolboy errors, actual or synthetic: three volumes of "Boners," "More Boners," and "Still More Boners" (Viking) had an immense audience. We kept on with the type of parody-fantasia of which "The Cruise of the Kawa" was the first fine careless rapture: Corey Ford produced "Cocoanut Oil" (Brewer, Warren & Putnam), a spoof *shikari* story, and Wolcott Gibbs settled once for all what Polar explorers could no more say in print, by the shrewd slaps of "Bird Life at the Pole by Commander Christopher Robin" (Morrow). Meanwhile Irwin Cobb kept on at the old stand with a guidebook "To be Taken before Sailing" (Cosmopolitan) — his "Down Yonder with Judge Priest" (Smith) is a set of new short stories in his best vein—and Stephen Leacock with "Wet Wit and Dry Humor" (Dodd, Mead), while Frank Sullivan gathered another garland of irresponsibility in "Broccoli and Old Lace" (Liveright). So, taking everything together, we ought to be able to keep up our spirits.

THE Oxford University Press has just brought out in book form, under the title of "Sycamore Square," the charming series of verses by Jan Struther, with pictures by E. N. Shepard, that have been for some time running in *Punch;* poems about comfortable and inconspicuous corners of London, and on visions conjured up by the names of local exchanges like GULliver or SPEedwell. They sent it to me because I have lived in Chelsea and would recognize Sycamore Square as little, sleepy Wellington Square not so far from me. They could not know that I have a special reason for remembering this leafy cul-de-sac, nor is there the least reason why I should be telling it here save that I told Christopher Morley, who charged me solemnly to put it in this column.

One Sunday morning last summer I found we had neglected to lay in for Mr. Mole the Sabbatical chicken-legs by which he keeps track of the calendar. You can buy them ready roasted for eight-pence at the cookshop round the corner, without taking the whole bird, but you must do so over-night, for everything around us shuts piously up on Sunday. So, feeling very noble and Franciscan for doing it, I set out on behalf of our brother the cat and walked on King's Road till I came to the opening of Wellington Square, where a tall young policeman was talking with a taximan with walrus whiskers. Nothing, he said, was open on King's Road; the nearest Sunday cook-shop would be in South Kensington. "Pretty far," said I, dubiously. The taximan came suddenly into action. "Not so far, Mum," he said, leaning from his portable piazza; "not so far. It's just a sixpenny ride, and I haven't been off this rank for two hours." "No sooner said," quoth I, stepping in, "than done. Off we go," and as we were going off the policeman stuck his head in at the window. "He just told me, Mum," said he, jerking his head toward Jehu, "that you'd brought him luck." "That it may continue," I cried, and off we went, the policeman waving after us and the taximan smiling so you could see his walrus whiskers from the back. We brought home the chicken-leg in state, and I hope it brought the taximan luck, but so long as I lived in Chelsea—and I looked every day—I never saw him again at the opening of Wellington Square.

*J. L. J., Millerton, N. Y., asks for books concerning the life of Mary, Queen of Scots. "I do not have access to a library, and I would like to select books to purchase about her."*

THE latest life is by Herbert Gorman, "The Scottish Queen" (Farrar & Rinehart). I have not yet read it (it comes out early in November), but seeing that I pounce upon anything about Mary Stuart, I have good hours coming.

If Lytton Strachey had been writing some twenty years after Fotheringay, Queen Mary Stuart might have gone into Valhalla solid and unmistakable as Queen Victoria; as it is, she remains intangible, inscrutable, irresistible. So she has been painted by her biographers from the first unto this day. Maurice Baring makes this clear in his "In My End Is My Beginning," lately published by Knopf, which gathers four narratives supposed to have been written by three of her Maries and her last personal attendant, the women closest to her in her brief glory and long struggle. Mary Fleming, Mary Livingston, and Mary Beton each tells the same story of her life up to its latest stage; from this point a letter supposed to come from Jane Kennedy to Mary Seton describes her last days and execution. The threefold repetition is curiously fascinating, partly because if you like this subject at all you cannot get too much of it, but mainly because the women, keeping to the main outline, fill it in each according to her own information, temperament, and convictions—as everyone who came under her influence seems to have done.

Mr. Baring's narrators are her friends rather than her defenders; their tone has the restraint of their troubled times. Andrew Dakers, in "The Tragic Queen" (Houghton Mifflin), is frankly, passionately a defender, and Sir Edward Parry, in "The Persecution of Mary Stewart" (Scribner), brings legal learning, fiery conviction, and chivalrous feeling to bear not only upon her accusers and judges but upon subsequent propagandists and historians. All Judge Parry's books about English history have this triple drive; they make his "Queen Caroline" and "The Bloody Assizes" grand reading. "Revaluations," by Lascelles Abercrombie, Sir David Cecil, and others (Oxford University Press) is a set of considerations of famous personages of the past in the light of present opinion; Chesterton has Mary Stuart. He is in line with all recent books; they are friendly in differing degrees and fashions. The enchantress of the North still sends out her strange cerebral spell.

Margarete Kurlbaum-Siebert's "Mary Queen of Scots" (Harcourt, Brace) was translated from the German a couple of years ago by Mary Elizabeth Hamilton into an English so powerful and characteristic that it gives a peculiar advantage to the book. For it takes place altogether in Scotland, and its matter is the stern life of the time and place, rising often to wild outbursts of ferocity. It should be read before visiting Edinburgh and standing in the little room at Holyrood. Mr. Baring's book has a list of earlier lives of the Queen of Scots. Plays of which she is the heroine continue to be written. "Marie Stuart et Elisabeth," by Gabriel Marfond, was printed in Bordeaux in 1930; T. G. King's "A Greater Power," in Halifax in 1929. It is not long since we saw in New York a fairly long run of John Drinkwater's "Mary Stuart" (Houghton Mifflin). It was Emma Eames in this production, and none of the unsatisfactory contemporary portraits, that gave me my mental image of the enigmatic queen. I might, perhaps, have found it at the age of five, when I was taken to my first real play, Schiller's "Marie Stuart," but Modjeska has all but faded from a mind which retains from this occasion chiefly a memory of Rose Coghlan resplendent as Elizabeth.

*H. L. M., Morganton, N. C., has to review, as part of the program of a literary club, a work by a Chinese author, fiction or biography preferred, of course in English translation. The more it has to do with modern conditions the better.* This would seem to be "The Tragedy of Ah Qui" (Dial), a story by Lu Siun, which gives its name to a collection of modern Chinese stories translated by J. B. Kyn Yn-Yu. They are among the results of the new movement in Chinese literature, first written in the new literary dialect officially adopted in 1920, not the classic literary language, and their authors are of the new group that has definitely broken with the past. But there is an inevitability in Pearl Buck's position before the world as the interpreter of modern China to Western readers: the unusual conditions of her childhood, early education and later experience combine with her extraordinary and peculiar gifts to make "Sons" (Day) the book that we will read this year to tell us what life is like in China, partly because, for all its differences, it is in this tremendous book so much in essence like our own.


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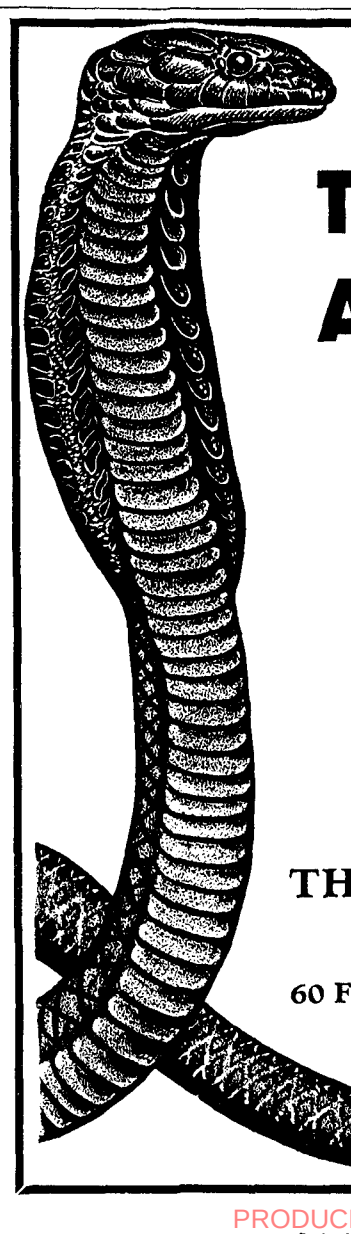

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# After a Long* Interim

The Bowling Green returns next week to Normalcy. Ever since last January that weekly high-priced space has been filled with the enigmatic serial HUMAN BEING—which the Business Management is incompetent to characterize—and leaves that task to the professional critics now that the complete story is available in book form—

It was a Long Haul: a good many clients of the Bowling Green were puzzled, some indignant. Some even expired, which was a mistake.

But the Election is past; Christmas nears; things look like a Turn for the Better; and not least in our anticipations, the Bowling Green resumes next week its traditional game of rolling the balls of *lignum vitæ* across its plot of turf. As in the antique sport of lawn bowls, these wooden balls are not truly spherical—they run in curves, weighted with a bias of temperament—

A number of correspondents have remarked that the SATURDAY REVIEW has been specially good this autumn. The series of articles on the Reading Habits of Mr. Hoover, Mr. Franklin Roosevelt, Mr. Norman Thomas, were a journalistic scoop that was widely quoted. The recent selection of D. H. Lawrence's letters was a calcium flash into the shadowy regions of a remarkable mind. Mr. Canby's review of Mr. De Voto's *Mark Twain*, Paul Elmer More's note on T. S. Eliot, Colonel Lawrence's preface to his new *Odyssey* (printed here in advance of the book), the Phœnician's frolic at the expense of "John Gustable," John Winterich's little piece about the Bruce Rogers freight-car (a gem of curios for Collectors)—even Old Mr. Quercus's discovery of the true text of Einstein's theological epigram—all these have been marked by percipient readers—

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It requires too much space (Space is costly these days) to print a lot of dotted lines . . . . but if you felt like Not Missing the REVIEW—or even had a Notion to send it as a Birthday or Holiday Emollient for a special sort of friend, a year's subscription costs 3½ fiscal mermaids—which is Old Quercus's rather absurd euphemism for $3.50.

* Sometimes it seemed endless.

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## *Marginalia*

PROFESSOR PAUL KAHLE of the University of Bonn announces the discovery in a Constantinople museum of a copy of a map made by Columbus in 1498 of which the original has disappeared. . . . Not one English bookseller so far this season appears to have catalogued O. Henry as O'Henry. . . . A collector whose office in downtown New York has lately been thronged by eager booksellers and who has sworn he will never admit another capitulated the other day when one of them announced that he only wanted to give him a book, and did. . . . Chicago Book & Art Auctions, Inc., will sell on December 7th and 8th books from the libraries of the Duke of Anhalt, a Chicago collector, and a New York collector. . . . First editions of D. H. Lawrence are in good demand and the scarcer titles are selling at higher figures than ever before. . . . The cataloguer who has just listed a volume of poetry by an American author published in 1833 as "not in Wegelin" should be sharply reminded that Wegelin does not go beyond 1820. . . . Catalogue 35 from Dawson's Bookshop, 627 South Grand Ave., Los Angeles, offers at $35 Jacob R. Eckfeldt's and William E. DuBois's "New Varieties of Gold and Silver Coins" (Philadelphia, 1850), containing "actual samples of California gold enclosed under mica disk" (Cowan p. 76). . . . The old Cowan, of course—the new Cowan will be out before long, and its appearance will be a bibliographical event. . . . The law and political science section of the Stolberg Library at Wernigerode, Germany, acquired by Harvard, comprises some 12,500 volumes which crossed the Atlantic in 104 packing cases. . . . Thomas F. Madigan of 2 East 54th St., New York, prices at $2 a certificate dated New York, April 1, 1821, which reads: "This is to certify that Henry Skellern of School No. 11 is entitled to One Cent for Punctual Attendance, and Two Cents for Good Behavior, the past month, payable in Bibles and Testaments." . . . A cumulative index of the first ten volumes of *Foreign Affairs* will soon be issued. . . . Where in Bacon, we would ask whoever catalogued Bulletin 66 for a bookshop which we shall not identify, but who boxed it at the top of the first page, appears the quotation: "Old books to read, old wine to drink, old friends to love"? . . . The penned descriptions accompanying the first editions on display in Scribner's northernmost window are clearly in the fine late-Elizabethan hand of John Carter of their London office, author of "Binding Variants in English Publishing 1820-1900" in the Bibliographia Series, and a cracking good job, too. . . . Is it a knock, a boost, or a struck balance when a cataloguer refers to an anthology as containing something by Edwin Arlington Robinson "and other contributions by men like Percy MacKaye and E. F. Edgett"? . . . Catalogue 58 from Davis & Orioli, 30 Museum St., London, W. C. 1, lists at one pound ten an eighteenth-century manuscript of 57 pages of recipes which include "To make Ham soup," "To make Grape wine," "The Duke of Norfolk's Punch," and "Fish sauce to keep the Year." . . . The American Art Association-Anderson Galleries, Inc., does not use the phrase "mint copy" and never alludes to the presence of a dust jacket. . . . Put on your old dust jacket, Mr. E. Byrne Hackett—that just had to be availed of—now will someone try to find something to go with Philip Duschnes? . . . The new "Babbitt" point knocks in the head the alteration of "plain geometry" to "plane geometry" at the bottom of page 75, but the geometry business was much more interesting, and who will risk a 1922 cent (excessively rare) that Sinclair Lewis remembers what the square of the hypotenuse equals anyway? . . . For $5 one may have from Goodspeed's Book Shop, 7 Ashburton Place, Boston, a copy of "The Complete Coiffeur; or an Essay on the Art of Adorning Natural, and of Creating Artificial, Beauty," by J. B. M. D. Lafoy (New York, 1817), containing, among much else, chapters on wigs and whiskers and "a sheet of engraved music"—presumably the original barber-shop chord. . . . The notes from which this sub-department is compiled contain an entry which reads "5th vol AF&" (or APL?) and the compiler hasn't the slightest idea what they signify—or do they not signify? . . . B. M. Fullerton's "Selective Bibliography of American Literature" is announced for publication this month. . . . Honest differences of opinion persist—Emerson's "Address Delivered before the Senior Class in Divinity College, Cambridge, Sunday Evening, 15 July, 1838" (Wakeman 170; Cooke p. 66) is quoted by one bookseller this fall at $10 and by another at $75. . . . The Wells-Goldsmith Whitman bibliography, now ten years old, may yet be reissued with full collations. . . . Catalogue 46 issued by Harry Stone from 24 East 58th Street, New York, lists eleven Melville items. . . . The largest number of members of the *Colophon* editorial board ever to gather around one tablecloth gave a luncheon to Dard Hunter at the Hotel Webster on November 1st and the suggestion was advanced that for the next such occasion Mr. Hunter should fabricate the napkins. J. T. W.

The Library of Congress has published a descriptive catalogue of the calendar of Spanish manuscripts concerning Peru (1531-1651) which, together with a mass of similar but more unified material relating to Mexico, were given to the library three years ago by Edward S. Harkness of New York "through the friendly suggestion of Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach." Copies of the catalogue, which was prepared by Stella R. Clemence of the staff under the direction of Dr. J. Franklin Jameson, Chief of the Division of Manuscripts, have been presented to libraries having special Spanish-American collections, and a few are available for public sale at $3.25 each. Herbert Putnam, Librarian of Congress, characterizes the 1,030 Peruvian documents in the Harkness collection as "extraordinarily varied in character," and Dr. Jameson in his preface to the catalogue recites briefly some of the specific attractions of this rich assemblage of source material:

> Besides the long series of documents of the Pizarros and Almagros which show the processes of the conquest of Peru from 1531 on, there is the claim put forward by Diego Almagro the younger on account of the killing of his father. There is the imposing tailor's bill of Hernando de Soto. There is the long protest (1554) of some sixty of the chief notables among the conquerors against the new ordinance restricting personal services from the Indians which had been promulgated by Charles V, under the influence of Bishop Las Casas. There are the record books of two frontier municipalities, begun in 1538 and 1539, respectively. There are provisions regarding protection against the "Lutheran corsairs" of Francis Drake and the service of Indian runners to give warnings of his approach. There are announcements of royal endowment of the University of San Marcos at Lima and of provision for a chair of Indian languages, with injunction that priests and missionaries must learn the language of their flocks. In short, all the round of human life in old Peru finds illustration in the collection.

From House of Books, Ltd., of 555 Madison Ave., New York, comes announcement of the imminent appearance of the first in a series of low-priced limited editions to be called the Crown Octavos: "A Defence of Ignorance," by L. A. G. Strong. Printing of the units in the series, it is stated, "will be entrusted to presses of outstanding reputation, and endeavor is being made to make the series important to collectors of press books as well as to collectors of modern firsts." The Strong essay will not only be No. 1 in the series, but will be the first book to be printed by the firm of William Edwin Rudge's Sons. "A Defence of Ignorance" will appear in an edition of 200 signed copies, and will retail for $2 a copy. Both English and American authors will be represented in the series.

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# News from the States

*What the* SATURDAY REVIEW *most desires for this department is the pithy paragraph upon some significant matter, whether in relation to author's activities, bookselling activities and problems, the trend of reading in a particular territory, or allied matters. Booksellers' anecdotes will be welcomed. It is our aim to furnish a bird's-eye view of reading and writing America which will prove valuable both to our subscribers and to the book world at large. We hope that our subscribers will submit items from time to time.*

## COLORADO

WE are forced to excerpt from a quite bulky budget of news from one of our favorite Western states, because *Heloise M. B. Hawkins*, who supplies it, has not yet quite caught the idea of the pithy paragraph. Nevertheless, she has some interesting things to say:—

Awhile ago at a meeting of the Woman's Press Club in Denver, at "a little bijou of a house," purchased from the artist, Burr, there was a supper in honor of visiting celebrities, at that time *Julia Peterkin*, *Oliver La Farge*, and *Arthur Guiterman*. The artistic rooms were well-filled. I noticed a number of Colorado writers and many authors of Colorado books. One of these, now at work on a book with local setting, said on the air recently, "Even if I write about Timbuctoo, Colorado blue sky and sunshine are sure to flash in!" Another, speaking over the same medium, and himself author of a new book entitled "Colorado," enlarged on the various lines of research profitable here. He is an outdoor man. His forestry and landscape gardening point in one direction. Allied to these, he has an interest in Colorado geology. Linked to history written in the rocks comes history above ground;—cliff-dwellers, Indians, Spaniards, pioneers. The whole historical pageant of the state furnishes a flood of material. A nationally known poet, *Lillian White Spencer*, followed this plan in a pageant she wrote a few years ago. Near me was *Willard Hawkins*, editor, and author of a thriller, "The Cowled Menace," but *Tylene Perry* was absent, she whose last exciting novel has the odd title, "The Never Summer Mystery." Standing on the little overhanging balcony was *Mary Elitch Long*, beloved "Lady of the Gardens." A life of Mrs. Long, by *Caroline L. Dier*, is almost ready.

In the throng I discerned *E. E. Scoggins*, of Boulder, who recently published the novel, "Flame." As an infant, he narrowly escaped being buried alive? The child of missionaries in Mexico, he was injured by a fall; but the faith and resolution of his mother saved him. There was *Lenore Weber*, publisher, in rapid succession, of three juvenile books, all Westerns; the last one being "Wish in the Dark." I missed, however, *Florence Crannell Means*, whose "Candle in the Mist," a story of pioneer life in Minnesota, came out this year. "My grandmother and her journal," she says, "gave me material." Her father, Dr. Crannell, carries on in religious books.

## HAWAII

Of this dependency *Clifford Gessler*, literary editor of the Honolulu *Star-Bulletin*, is our elected representative. He *has* caught the idea of the pithy paragraph, and furnishes them as follows:—

Honolulu booksellers report that trade has picked up this fall, and they believe the improvement is not entirely seasonal. One store did $11,000 worth of business in books in September.

*Don Bate*, retail manager of Honolulu Paper Co., says book business in his organization is better than it was last year at this time. *Alta Jackson*, head of the book department at Patten Co., reports trade about even with last year—and last year, despite depression in other lines, was considered a good year in her department.

Both leading stores note a heavy demand for dollar books. In standard price works, the largest sales are in western novels and light fiction, with considerable interest in popular science and biography. *Van Loon's* Geography is having a good sale.

The librarian at McKinley high school reports that there were more calls for "The Good Earth" last year than for all other books combined. There is still a long waiting list for it at every library and rental station in Honolulu, and the stores had a heavier sale of it than any other book during the year except *Clarence Darrow's* "Autobiography," demand for which was stimulated by Dr. Darrow's visit to Honolulu last spring.

Booksellers have been disappointed, however, in the call for Mrs. Buck's new novel, "Sons." They estimate that it will sell only about one fourth as many copies here as "The Good Earth." The slump is attributed to the circumstance that nearly everybody read it serially in a popular magazine.

## IDAHO

When *J. H. Gipson*, manager-owner of Caxton Printers, Ltd., told an Idaho correspondent who wishes to remain anonymous that he considered *Vardis Fisher* a genius; his novel "In Tragic Life" (of Idaho background) a work of genius; and that he intended to bring the book out though he walked the streets of Caldwell barefoot; the correspondent cried *"Blessings on thee, little man, Barefoot boy, the Fisher fan!"* and showed him a manuscript book of verse, "Portulacas in the Wheat," by a friend, *Grace Stone Coates*, who spent the greater part of the past year explaining what "Mangel-Wurzels" were and expects to spend most of the next mailing out seed catalogues to critics to convince them that portulacas are flowers and not a variety of weevil.

## IOWA

*Isabel M. Hofmann*, Chairman of Fine Arts of the Iowa Federation of Women's Clubs, sends us:—

The Iowa Federation of Women's Clubs through its poetry chairman, *Mrs. Lewis Worthington Smith*, has issued an anthology of poems by members of the Federation, entitled "Silk of the Corn." The Iowa Federation is the first state federation of women's clubs to collect in permanent form the creative work in verse of its members. The editor, Mrs. Smith, is herself a poet and the wife of the Dean of Letters at Drake University in Des Moines.

A recent luncheon brought together in Des Moines contributors and their friends to the number of eighty, who came from all parts of the state. *Mrs. C. C. Dowell* told of her presentation to *Mrs. Herbert Hoover* of a special gift copy of "Silk of the Corn." Appreciation of the contribution of Iowa women poets to literature, expressed by *Carl Sandburg* in Council Bluffs recently, was conveyed to the group by *Mary D. Wallace*. *Helen Cowles LeCron*, former editor of the *Des Moines Register* book page, told interestingly of her attendance at the poetry contest held annually at Easter time in Provence.

## MONTANA

The Assistant Editor of *The Frontier*, namely *Grace Stone Coates*, puts herself on record as a correspondent from the buffalo-haunted West:—

The second annual Conference of Writers directed by *H. G. Merriam* at the University of Montana, Missoula, went completely regional. Emphasis on Regionalism was assured, not only by *Mr. Merriam's* leadership, but by the commanding presence of *Mary Austin*, whose roots strike toward the primitive culture of the Southwest; *B. A. Botkin*, of Norman, Okla., editor of *Folk-Say; Frank B. Linderman*, who knows more about the Plains Indians than any other man, and still knows he will never fully know them—author of "American" and "Red Mother"; *Vardis Fisher*, moved and troubled by his own environment, who records indelibly the tragic intensity of Idaho pioneer life; and Esther Shephard, poet and playwright of Seattle An accident to *Struthers Burt* prevented him and *Katherine Newlin Burt* from attending the Conference.

AFTER THE ELECTION
From a drawing by Kley.


## PERSONALS

*ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or liter services; jobs wanted, houses or camps rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ia for sale; communications of a decorous ture; expressions of opinion (limited to lines). Rates: 7 cents per word. Add Personal Dept. Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.*

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AMERICAN Professors of English Literature foolishly deride acrostics. Honest study would teach them that Edward De Vere's method, approved by Dr. Greg, was used by "Spenser," "Marlowe," "Shakespeare," Marston, Daniell, Chapman, Bacon, Jonson, Milton, Dryden, Swift, Pope, Gray, Coleridge, Keats, Shelley, Carroll, Poe, Wilde, and Hood to weave their names in their best work. George Frisbee.

IT'S TOUGH not to be a gold digger; but even "Thirty with simple Tastes" can enjoy a man's company or correspondence. Any of the foregoing invited. Box 92.

ALIEN DAUGHTER: There is in San Francisco a young man who likes both Rabelais and dancing to say nothing of Ravel. Communicate, c/o *Saturday Review*. Exiled Son.

GENTLEMAN desires room in New York with occasional raiding privileges on icebox at Automat rates; prefer Beautyrest mattress. Address, Dracula.

BOOKSELLER goes mad over XVth Century Woodcuts—has plates made in Germany reproducing beautiful example full colors. "Madonna and Child," 1485, attributed Martin Schoen of Ulm. Christmas card folders (nine by six), available to similarly afflicted. $3.00 Dozen, $20.00 Hundred. Roy Vernon Sowers, 351 East Green, Pasadena, California.

MAN, twenty-four, literary avocation, Southern coast city, employed but dissatisfied, go anywhere, work with hands or clerical, use typewriter, salary not great consequence. References exchanged. Box 93.

WANTED TO BUY:—Sonora phonograph, 1927 model or later. A T, c/o *Saturday Review*.

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GRAND CENTRAL—On the level? Yes, the Lower Level. Meet me below stairs Vanderbilt Ave. side, 5 of the clock on Grateful Eve. Will wear my unco for identification. Asterisk explained later. CHARLOTTE.*


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# The PHŒNIX NEST

THE League for Industrial Democracy at 112 East 19th Street, this city, publishes *The Unemployed*, a non-profit making publication, sold by unemployed men and women, all articles, art work, and editorial services being contributed without charge. Its fifth number has a cover by *Reginald Marsh*, and contains contributions by *Norman Thomas, Heywood Broun, Hendrik Van Loon, James H. Maurer*, and others. . . .

Our congratulations to *John Galsworthy* for winning the Nobel Prize for literature. While we must admit we have never read "The Forsyte Saga" we have several rooters for it in our family, and there is no doubt that Mr. Galsworthy's has been a notable achievement, both in the realm of the novel and the play. We have also read poems and short stories of his which impressed us. The amount of distinguished work he has to his credit certainly makes him one of the foremost writers of our day. . . .

At the last meeting of the American Institute of Arts and Letters *Ellen Glasgow* and *Walter Lippmann* were elected new members. These honors conferred have our hearty endorsement. Both, in their several fields, represent the finest effort in American literature. . . .

The Fall issue of *Pagany* will be put on sale about the middle of December (which would seem to even up things, as a lot of the December magazines are out already!) The Winter issue will be skipped and the new volume of this periodical will begin with the Spring issue, appearing on the first of March, 1933. This rearrangement is occasioned, we hear, by a fire in *William Chapman's* house in Bethel, Connecticut, which destroyed a large number of manuscripts and a portion of the subscription list. It is suggested by the editor that subscribers write him (*Richard Johns*) a card to R. F. D. No. 1, Bethel, Connecticut, giving if possible the duration of their subscription, so that he may check more easily through the files. . . .

*Leonard Bacon's* "Furioso" has now been published by Harpers. It deals with a famous and spectacular figure in Italian literature, in the usual Baconian method of satirical verse. We have been sampling it and can recommend its flavor. . . .

We had a postal card from abroad showing *Lewis Browne* and wife on their visit to *Spinoza's* house in the Hague. "Blessed Spinoza," the first full-length biography of the philosopher in the English language, by the said Lewis Browne, was published on the twenty-fifth of last month. This month will be held the tercentenary celebration of Spinoza's birth, and another book just out about this famous philosopher is *Benjamin De Casseres's* "Spinoza: Liberator of God and Man," published by E. Wickham Sweetland. . . .

*Gilbert Seldes*, with *George Grosz*, is now one of the two Associate Editors of *Americana*, of which *Alexander King* is editor at 1280 Lexington Avenue. Gilbert's editorial in the December number is entitled, "Savagery in Pictures," and his points are well-taken. *E. E. Cummings* contributes a ballad of an Intellectual, in his lighter manner. It doesn't altogether make sense, but it has some nice lines. . . .

*Joseph Lewis French*, who has produced thirty-six anthologies in all, tells us—apropos of our recent news of a publisher who delivered fifteen thousand volumes to a western department store—that McLaughlin Brothers of Springfield, Mass., sold and delivered fifteen thousand copies of the "Big Aviation Book for Boys" (trade price one dollar) to Montgomery, Ward & Company of Chicago in the late fall of 1929. . . .

*Jean Y. Ayer* of the Educational Department of the Macmillan Company says, in regard to our remarks concerning the misuse of words in American speech, that it recalls to her mind some verses that appeared anonymously in the "Contributors' Column" of the *Atlantic Monthly* about ten years ago. Here they are. The exact date of their appearance was August 8th, 1922, and they were said to be by "a well-known scholar":

*Prone on my back I greet arriving day,*
*A day no different than the one just o'er;*
*When I will be, to practically say,*
*Considerable like I have been before.*
*Why then get up? Why wash, why eat, why pray?*
*—Oh, leave me lay!*
*I hadn't ought to want things different*
*To what transpires every single day;*
*But I keep wishing that I could of went*
*From this heart-rendering dulness quite away.*
*And yet, why move? There's always rent to pay.*
*—Oh, leave me lay!*

We have unwittingly annoyed *Gilbert E. Govan* of Chattanooga, Tennessee, who writes us as follows:

> And why, pray, do you ignore the *Sewanee Review*? It is the oldest literary quarterly published in America. It is far more ably edited than either *The Westminster* or *The Virginia Quarterly*. And if you want further information about it you might look in the *New English Weekly* of October 6th and see what they think of it. As you are doubtless puzzled by this, it is caused by your statement in the October 22nd issue of the *Saturday Review*.

*Steven T. Byington* from Ballard Vale, Massachusetts, writes to correct us as follows. We haven't a copy by us of "Pigs Is Pigs" so we shall have to leave it to our readers to decide the bet:

> You quote "Pigs is Pigs" to the effect that pigs is dogs, but a turtle is a insect. I see a chance to make money by betting against you, first, that there is nothing remotely resembling that in "Pigs Is Pigs"; second, that that treatise does not allege pigs to be anything else than pigs; third, that the quotation, correctly given, does not mention pigs.
>
> A girl was carrying a caged rabbit on an English railroad. The guard demanded a dog ticket. The girl protested that this was not a dog. The guard insisted. A professor of zoölogy who happened to be riding in the apartment offered his testimony as that of an expert; the guard refused to acknowledge him as an authority. The professor pulled a live tortoise out of his pocket and asked if he had to pay for that as a dog. The guard's confidence was sufficiently shaken to make him agree that he would ask the station agent at the next station and let him settle it. At the station, accordingly, he submitted the case, and he reported the decision of the supreme authority in these words: "Cats is dogs, rabbits is dogs, but a tortus is a hinsect, and they go free; but rabbits must pay."

From out the aquarium of life we plucked the following denizen of the deep the other day. He is probably familiar to most of you:

FISH

*He seemed to breathe*
*Emollient air.*
*He brushed his teeth,*
*He brushed his hair*
*Ten thousand times.*
*His shoes were shined*
*For myriad dimes.*
*Replete he dined,*
*His trousers creased,*
*His suit well-pressed,*
*No speck from feast*
*Upon his vest.*
*O smooth and neat*
*And never mordant,*
*Down on the Street*
*He shone important.*
*His name was on*
*A plate-glass door.*
*He'd naught in pawn.*
*He never swore.*
*He rarely jested,*
*Though seldom sad.*
*What he'd invested*
*That he had;*
*And therewithal*
*A comely wife*
*Who did not pall*
*But bridged through life.*
*A glossy car,*
*A swell duplex*
*With private bar*
*And books on sex,*
*Gadgets a lot*
*To save all labor,*
*And really not*
*One shabby neighbor,—*
*All these possessed*
*This lacquered wight—*
*Who, through unrest,*
*Would wake at night*
*Because he found*
*His finny soul*
*Swim goggling round*
*In a gold-fish bowl!*

THE PHŒNICIAN.


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# News Note

MR. RICHARD ROE is leaving *The Saturday Review of Literature* this week.

Mr. Roe intends going into the book business, as the hero of a novel, HUMAN BEING, by Christopher Morley.

He announces that he will be glad to meet his friends in any bookstore on or after November 18th, where they may learn how his life turned out, a secret not hitherto revealed to anyone, including Minnie Hutzler.

Richard, as we all know, is a great character. He has become a part and parcel of our knowledge and acquaintance of life. His story becomes by all odds Christopher Morley's finest work—more definite, more tragically human than anything he has ever written, not even excepting the memorable "Thunder on the Left."

Richard's new address will be: HUMAN BEING, by Christopher Morley. 352 *Pages*. $2.50. DOUBLEDAY, DORAN.

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